

THE *INNIS HERALD*



March, 1996

So Luscious...

Issue 5



Laurenzella rises from the deeps...

The Innis Herald

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Herald Thanks and Information

Feel free to drop by any sub-
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4748 and the FAX is 978-5503.
Our address is Rm. 305, Innis Col-
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The Innis Herald is the
monthly, student run newspaper of
Innis College. We reserve the
right to edit any submissions and
will not print any racist, sexist or
homophobic articles, images or
advertisements. The views and
opinions expressed in the Innis
Herald are those of the authors
and do not reflect the opinions of
Innis college and the student
body. Special thanks this month
to Suzy, Sabra and Michelle.

Thanksgiving In March

Editorial, take three

In this wretched time of trying to put
together a newspaper and a four thousand
word essay simultaneously, words *ought* to
fly around in abundance. But you know, my
Writer's Craft teacher always told me that
quality was far superior to quantity...and my
experience with essay and newspaper writ-
ing has shown me that it is the content be-
hind the words that give the final product
meaning. The point of all this is that to each
and every product there is a process... A
process into which goes time, effort and con-
sideration. And so, I'd like to dedicate this
editorial to some of the people who make
the process happen around here.

The janitors here at Innis are wonder-
ful. Not only are Vince and Trina friendly
and capable, they smile at you in the halls
first thing Monday morning. This is a feat.
When something goes wrong with the build-
ing, people call on them... When the fuse
blew up here in the Herald Office a little
while ago, my first thought was "oh no, it's
Sunday and the janitors aren't here." When
the roof leaks (every time it rains) they put
out the buckets, mop the floors and check to
make sure there aren't puddles everywhere
so no one'll fall and break any bones. Sure
they get paid for it but still - they do their
jobs well and still make the time to smile.
Vince has been working at Innis for longer
than I have been on this planet and has seen
more editors come and go than Now maga-
zine. Trina puts up with our grumbling and

is used to seeing barely-awake, stumbling zombies
walk out of the office the Monday morning after
layout weekends and still smiles tolerantly at us.
We complain that we only had a couple of weeks
off for Christmas... I think Vince and Trina got two
days. Innis College is actually two big four-story
buildings with a veritable plethora of rooms. In
fact, it is of gargantuan proportions for only two
people to deal with (and I can barely keep my liv-
ing room tidy). I can be squeamish and get Damian
to remove dead mice from traps, but Vince and
Trina cope with countless icky things each day that
I would probably rather not even think about. They
keep the wheels of Innis College running
smoothly.

This editorial is also a tribute to the behind-
the-scenes people here at the Herald who help the
process as well as the product. For example, the
typists and morale-boosters, the ones who go to
Kinko's at four in the morning; the Herald just
wouldn't happen without them. Then there are
the staff editors and the writers who hand in their
work consistently and the people that come out
because they've read the Herald and it piqued their
interest, they are also essential to the complete as-
semblage before you now. Perhaps what I'm try-
ing to say is that the sum of the parts is greater
than the whole. To all who are a part of the Gestalt
organism that is the Herald, thank you. And cheers
to all the people who read the Herald regularly.
Hey, even if you're just reading this for the first
time, that's nice too... As one old Herald masthead
said, "Really, we're glad you're reading this."

The March Herald

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PSA Presents:

A Street Haven Benefit

Thursday, March 28th
The Rivoli
334 Queen St. W.
Doors open at 8:00 p.m.

Featuring ● Jory Nash

- Trouble in Paradise
- Shade
- Brother Vibe

Admission : \$5 Minimum DONATION



Having fun before the formal...
Number Two in our "Embarassing
Drunk" Candid Photo Series.

Victoria Hamilton: A Speculative Exclusive by Damian Tarnopolsky

Nothing exists.

- Zeno of Elea

I did try to get an interview with Victoria Hamilton. I did. But famous acting lass that she is, she was terribly busy during the last week of *The Master Builder* at the Royal Alex. Fair enough. I did speak a few times with her manager, but he was a little hard to get hold of ("tell him I'm busy"), when I actually spoke on the phone with him he was as forbidding as Kant, one of these folk who doesn't "um" and "ah" as you speak to him to give you encouragement. I spill my spiel about wanting to interview his charge and lay panting exhausted on the floor, and he said he'd do what he could. "What newspaper do you work for? York University?" I suppose he did what he could. I called a few hotels in the downtown area, asking for "Vicky Hamilton, sorry, Victoria" but the talkative receptionists had no one of that name staying with them, sir. There was a Geoffrey Hamilton, but he checked out on Thursday. So in the spirit of John, with the beginning being the Word because He (you know, Him) was the Word, some words: an interview conducted with Victoria Hamilton, just without Victoria Hamilton, (not) late at night after the final performance of *The Master Builder*. This is not an actual interview. It didn't actually happen. Got it?

Victoria Hamilton was especially impressive that night, a feast in a play which also starred the more connected Alan Bates and Gemma Jones. I did talk to Bates and he gave me a pat on the shoulder, asking if my name was Mr. Inman who had come back twice; I probably should have asked him for an interview, but I thought people would be more interested in reading about a burgeoning success closer to their own age, a very recent graduate...well, they might even 'relate' to her, given the chance. So much for that. Need it be said that nothing in this interview bears any relation to, um, reality?

Victoria Hamilton was born in England when she was still very young. Some time later she trained at LAMDA, which probably stands for the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts, but might not; I didn't want to look ignorantly effete by asking. Her brief bio in *Master Builder!* (I like it more with an exclamation mark; it reads more like the exciting musicals the Mirvishes more typically mount) tells one that, "since leaving drama school last year, she has been much in demand and is already considered one of England's rising young stars." It also says that her theatre work includes the co-lead in the world premiere of *Retreat* at the Orange Tree Theatre, and that on T.V. she was in *Pride and Prejudice*. Given the already tenuous relationship between words and deeds in this nascent interview (this life, doofus) I'm not sure whether to believe her bio or not. She could have made it up. But I don't suppose anyone would lie so blatantly, the law being what it is. You could be sued for doing something like that. Hmm.

I wonder if she wrote her bio, or if it was her agent. Or her charming manager. Anyway, Victoria Hamilton didn't walk into the coffee bar of choice. Still swollen from the lead in the all-singing, all-dancing Ibsenite spectacular, she might well have chirruped into an interview with the Herald. And I said, starting up the journalistic tape recorder (which later broke, so I claim no responsibility for any of her alleged words):

Innis Herald (that's me): Miss Hamilton?

Victoria Hamilton (that's her): Hello?

IH: Hello. How are you?

V: Well, you know, um, can't complain.

IH: Oh good.

V: ...Have we met?

IH: Yes, I'm from the Innis Herald. We were going to do that interview today, remember, the...

V: Innis Herald?

IH: Yup.

V: Hmm. Have you spoken to my manager about this?

IH: Oh yes. Sort of. Yes. Would you like a coffee?

V: Well, I, I suppose we'd best get it over with then...

IH: Coffee?

V: Please.

IH: Milk? Sugar?

V: Both.

IH: I'll be right back. I do a bit of acting myself, you know.

V: Really?

IH: Oh yes.

V: How nice.

IH: Right, I'll, er, just get the coffee then.

V: Good.

IH: Right. (sounds of coffee being got)

The coffee boy looked at me in surly ways and communicated that it would be best to cut straight to the, um, meat of the interview. So here it is:

IH: Is Victoria Hamilton your real name?

V: I'm not sure. Everyone's always called me that!

IH: Oh, you are droll! Seriously though, before *Master Builder!*, you had done mainly serious theatre work. How did you get involved with the project of transforming a fairly obscure drama into a hopping musical rollercoaster?

V: Well, it was mainly my manager's idea, actually. Well no, I mean, I had been interested in this sort of play since I saw the Royal Shakespeare's Company tap-dancing *King!...Learn!* last spring. But my manager got wind of this production when it was still in the early stages of translation, and sent me out to a workshop.

IH: Yes, I read that the translation and dramaturgy was very much a co-operative effort...

V: Absolutely. It's surprising actually, how many songs Ibsen wrote for his plays that scholars are just beginning to discover. *Hedda Gabbler* was actually supposed to end with an extended salsa number. Anyway, the songs aside the main thing was that we all learnt Swedish for the play, because our translator Inga Stina-Ewbank is Swedish and doesn't speak any English. Then we all learnt Norwegian too to be able to really feel the darkerswathes of the play against our skin, and relate it to what on earth the translator was talking about! Funny thing is, Alan (Bates - ed.) really saw Solness as a Renaissance architect more than a builder, him being self-taught and with fantasies of omnipotence, anyway, he went around jabbering in Italian for the first few weeks. Now Peter (Hall, the director - ed.) knows some Italian, he does, but only when he sees it written on the page, he doesn't really speak it. So his assistant followed Alan around writing everything down in French, because Peter says that if you're not working in French it's not really pure...

IH: How long does it take to prepare a text like that for the stage?

V: Oh, the play took a few hours. It was all the translating that bogged us down.

IH: Do you like Toronto?

V: Yes. Lovely city. Cold!

IH: Why do you give interviews?

V: Why do you ask for them?

IH: Er...well, good question. I think I said somewhere that our readers would be interested in hearing about you from the horse's mouth, so to speak.

V: Basically I give interviews because I have to. I think you might be right, people might be interested in hearing what I have to say, which is terribly flattering, but I have real doubts about the whole interview process. I mean, the reason you didn't get this interview was probably because it was the last week of the production, and we don't really need the publicity anymore.

IH: So it's more about publicity than 'hearing what you have to say', then? I mean, that's saying that it's not you that's of interest so much as the show.

V: Yes, but that's not such a problem. I think that's the way I'd approach it too. Anyone who thinks they're going to get to know me by reading about me in an interview is probably a bit loopy already. Look at this, this falsely conversational tone, as if we know each other, it's all very contrived. I think you have to look at it as a vehicle to get people to come and see the play; the play's the thing. That's what I'm bolstering, pushing.

IH: Although you also get some exposure.

V: But what's that for? To be in more plays...

IH: Not entirely, I mean, couldn't one interview someone more famous than you, no offence, just because of who they are?

V: Well, why are they interesting? They have become interesting, famous, on the basis of their work. The most interesting people I know, the ones with the most fascinating charm, wit, they won't get interviewed if they haven't *done* anything. The funny thing is, returning to the interview idea, is that say someone reads an interview with me and thinks - what an interesting person! In a play too! I'll go and see it! And ironically, she'll probably learn a lot more about me, if that's her intention, by seeing my work on stage than reading an interview with me, or even talking to me.

IH: But on stage it's not your words, is it?

V: That doesn't necessarily matter. When is it my words? What's with this obsession with the possession of words? I mean, there are other things. I can say whatever I like, it won't necessarily tell you anything.

IH: Oh, I don't know. Imagine you make up all your answers in an interview, say the opposite of your actual views about being interviewed; I mean, you could be doing that now. The act of you doing that, of deciding to lie, could tell me a great deal about you.

V: You'd really have to know me though, know I was lying, or detect some internal inconsistencies, or something. By the same token though, you could make up all my answers, not actually interview me.

IH: I wouldn't do that. Isn't that libel?

V: Well yes, but imagine you do write all my answers, make them all up. I mean, what if they turned out to be more interesting, more, I don't know, accurate than any-

thing I would have said to you in real life.

IH: Erm, let me think about this. I make up your answers, and they're better?

V: More "personally accurate", perhaps?

IH: What do you mean?

V: Well, say, your answers somehow more true to what I am than my own words?

IH: Is that likely?

V: Well it depends on what an interview is for. If you're interested in personal accuracy, in what you call the horse's mouth, you might not like it initially. But a deeper level of accuracy isn't necessarily going to be in my words; better is a strange term. What if your answers provoke a discussion, at least in your head, of what interviews are for? That might be more valuable, a more useful interview, than my incoherent ramblings.

IH: This is a little confusing. I mean, wouldn't you mind if I just pretended to interview you without actually talking to you?

V: Well, as I said, I might. There is always that libel suit lingering in the wings, unless you could make it perfectly clear that it wasn't really me, you could, you know, have me talking about the mechanics of interviewing, quoting Plato. And I might not even ever read this interview.

IH: I was going to send it to you.

V: Really?

IH: Well, I'm beginning to wonder now.

V: Well Plato would have advised you to wonder; once you know what's good, you'll do it.

IH: Didn't Socrates say that?

V: Whatever.

IH: You wouldn't sue me back to Indochina?

V: I'd sooner wrestle a priest. The problem you have is one of my awareness. You see, you have me pretending not to know this isn't a real interview in one sentence, then saying something like that, showing 'I' know perfectly what's going on. You're sort of denying something in the spirit but doing it in the flesh.

IH: What?

V: Well, it really is putting words in my mouth, just on a background level, a level you can't mention because as soon as you do you need another level, and then another to cover that, and so forth. An endless chain.

IH: You've lost me.

V: Even now, you're putting words in my mouth.

IH: Well you should have granted me a sodding interview...

V: Not doing so doesn't give you the right to appropriate my, um, voice. I'm an actor, not a cultural theorist; my voice is all I have.

IH: I think I've made it quite clear that this interview never happened!

V: Which interview?

IH: This one I'm writing.

V: This one I'm involved in? It doesn't wash, mate. The Word is in the way. I have an excellent lawyer. My father's a lawyer, you know.

IH: You don't have a father! You're but a figment of my imagination!

V: Am I? Who did you see on stage? IH: That was Victoria Hamilton, not you, you fake-Victoria-Hamilton-not-a-real-person-but-just-in-my-head-person! You see! I could never use hyphens, or exclamation marks if this wasn't being written and not spoken. There. I've run rings around you logically.

V: You sorry cretin. Every time I answer the shackles are belted round your ankles. But I might not sue you. I might take a choicer revenge.

IH: Revenge?

V: Well, you've created me in an interview for your own depraved purposes. I could do the same thing in my own field: *Master Builder 2: The Interview!* An all-singing, all-dancing spectacular, starring Victoria Hamilton as Damian Tarnopolsky, Edmund Kean as the coffee boy and Rue MacLanahan as Victoria Hamilton!

IH: Please, calm down...

V: *Master Builder 2: A New Foundation!* Tickets available from all leading newspapers, starting at \$24.99. Don't miss this tribute to the perilously stupid adversities of student journalism! Coming soon to Honest Ed's!

IH: Will you stop using exclamation marks? Anyway, you wouldn't have the nerve...

V: Finally, the interviewer's "art" rendered as the voyeuristic puerility it really is! Young student journalist exposed on stage as sopping moron! Credit card orders welcome, call...

IH: Oh, sod it, the tape recorder's broken.

V: No it hasn't! Order your *Master Builder 2* sweatshirt and knickerbocker set now!!

IH: The wheels have stopped for Christ's sake shut up!

V: They're still going!

(Loud noises of tape recorder being broken)

IH: They're bloody well not...Owl! Oh forget it...

(Further noise tape recorder noises and sound of word processor being fettered...)

The author gives you permission to complete this interview as you see fit. Unless you're naive begins with a V.

The Innis Formal: Better Than Staying At Home

by Susan Keats

On Saturday February tenth, Innis threw its annual Formal dinner and dance. This was the first year that it was limited to students currently attending Innis College and their dates (as opposed to alumni and staff), and the decision did not seem amiss; 250 ticket-buyers showed up to boogie the evening into the annals of Innis and rumour has it, people even tried to crash it. Luckily, the I.C.S.S. had hired the C.I.A. to keep an eye on the scene and watch out for any possible infiltrators.

When I got to the Park Plaza hotel (which I must say was a super convenient location, at the corner of Avenue road and Bloor street) I followed a throng of elegantly dressed people into the Empress reception room marked with pink and red balloons and a sign saying "Innis College Valentine's Formal." It was filled with crowds of people rushing around complimenting their friends and getting their free drinks before dinner, and I felt like I'd stumbled headlong into Beverly Hills 90210 (no offense to anyone, I watch it myself). The room was huge and invitingly lit with candelabras that my date and I considered stealing (but didn't, they were too big to hide in the liner pocket of a jacket), and almost before I'd had time to take everything in, it was time for dinner and the doors to the adjacent dining room.

Kudos to the decorators, flowers and balloons strategically placed everywhere made a huge room seem a lot less barnlike. Other than a little confusion as to who would sit where, the meal progressed smoothly from course to course (not an easy feat with that many people). Most people enjoyed the meal ("more wine?") and the erudite, philosophical table conversation that ensued. A vegetarian commented that the veggie meal was amazing and that she was really impressed. Conversely, another vegetarian commented on the tiny of the portions. I witnessed only one food-fight and two slippings of foodstuff into cleavages... Innis has

always had been known for the suave, urbane conduct of its students (or so I'm told). Extra points go to the chocolate eclair and indeterminate berry dessert, it was really yummy. Then again, chocolate makes everything better... but that's another article.

The first DJ went on during dinner. Morgan (of Dance Cave fame) played lots of funky old Eighties music and kept the crowd hopping (literally, it was fun to watch). People were a little disappointed when they realized that drinks were a little expensive; but honestly, what can you expect from one of Toronto's most expensive hotels? I'd also like to point out to those who complained that the I.C.S.S. subsidized every

meal by an additional seventeen dollars... Twenty bucks for a Formal ticket is a great deal. The house DJ spun lots of happy, groovy tracks and kept a lot of people dancing, even if they didn't like techno.

One disappointed lad commented on the lack of slow songs. Then again, one groovin' disco cat was so busy dancing she could barely squeeze out the words "pretty fuckin' good" when I asked her what she thought of the music. I guess it's even harder to gratify two hundred and fifty people's tastes in music then it is to find one or two dishes that everyone will like. It is Innis after all, land of tastes and opinions as varied as can be.

All in all, the Valentine's Formal was a lot of fun. Most people had a really good time... I know I did and I hadn't expected to. I.C.S.S. President Andy Ling commented, "overall it was

a great success, which I hope everybody enjoyed attending as much as my table did." Social Convenor Kathy Osterlund said "I was pretty happy with the way things turned out... A lot of people helped out and we really appreciated that."

Then again, Co-Editor Damian Tarnopolsky said "I'd rather be a footballer than an existentialist."



A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

by Andy Ling

Well, the month of March is upon us and we who've been here long enough know what's around the corner. It's either a big thug with a baseball bat waiting to beat your head into a pulpy mess and then take your wallet or the Innis College Student Society elections (either way, you're out some cash!).

Basically, I could drone on about how you should get involved and run for a position or come out and vote for who you think will have a better time spending your student fees but I won't because I don't give a rat's ass! You can read the posters/ads or come by Rm. 116 of Innis College and ask about positions. Do I sound harsh? Tough; it's four in the fucking morning and my essay's only half done.

On a cheery note, here's a list of stuff going down this month:

March 15: St. Patrick's Day Pub. March 19-21: ICSS elections. Sometime In March: Frosh leader meeting.

Sometime In March: Frosh t-shirt contest. Sometime in March-April: Athletic Banquet.

March 30: Joel Schuster's birthday (a presidential bounty of \$50 if you give him a hair cut).

Anyways, enough of this calendar crap. As this year draws to an end so too does my job as president of the ICSS (where's my gold watch and handshake?). To sum up my feelings: I feel like a convict on death row who just got let out of jail. Best of luck to whoever wants to do the job next year.

It's been a great year and I'd like to take this moment to thank everyone individually for making this year so fun (also, it's a chance for some of you to see your names in print so maybe you'll pick up a Herald). Thank you to (in no particular order):

Frank "Glass Eye" Kocis, Seda Nanorian -thanks for the support, Joyce "Spaz" Yee, Joel Schuster - it was a pleasure working with you on an awesome orientation, Jennica - clean the office- Harper, Len "Dropped the Ball" McKee, Eugene Fong Dere - he's not my twin, Kathy Osterlund, Carrie Meyer, Aaron Magney, Dave "Movenpick" Kim, Craig "Too many damn beers" Clements, Andy Millar, Jing "my little sister" Ling Kao, Keely "Favourite Frosh" Brown, William O'Higgins, Glenn, Mel, Shawn, Chris, Kurt, Aare "damn Estonian" Voik, Jonnie Z, Trevor "scoring a 10 on the park bench" Moss, and countless others I can't remember because it's now 5 a.m. and my body's shaking. Oh yeah, and Ritu...nice hair.

Thanks again.

By the way, if I find out that it was you mooning me, Monica Matyas, I'm going to kick your scrawny, little, white ass! (Well, at least he's retiring - Co-Ed.)

Spirit Challenge Representative
Clubs Representative
IRC Representative
Educational Commissioner
Co-Ed Athletics Rep.
Women's Athletics Rep.
Men's Athletics Rep.
Social Rep.

Communications Commissioner
Treasurer
Vice-President: Services
Vice-President: Government
President

Sound Like Fun?
Nominations for ICSS executive positions are open until March 15th, 1996
Nomination forms and job descriptions are available in the ICSS office.

Elections: March 19-21 1996

For More Detailed Information Visit the ICSS office in Rm. 116 at Innis College or call 978-7368

Innis St. Patrick's Day Pub

FEATURING

One Very Luscious Very Rocking Celtic Band
Lots of free St. Paddy treats
CHEAP BEER
Lots of fun
...and there's no cover



Location TBA
March 15th

Don't Miss It



Innis College: The Politics Of Inclusion

by William O'Higgins

In coming to university I packed in my baggage a fine packet of doubts and reservations. Will I meet anyone worth talking to? Will there be anything to do besides school and drinking? Did I choose the right university? Did I choose the right college? The following tale is the story of how I lost my luggage.

On my first day of Frosh Week a stranger in a flaming Beaver t-shirt invited me to take part in the next Frosh Week activity. I started to make the usual excuses, expecting pressure to participate. The pressure never appeared. In its stead I got a speech about freedom, flexibility, and the appreciation of the preferences of the individual. I was quite taken aback, but not entirely convinced. I had heard far too much about Frosh Week cruelty and humiliation to buy into the words of a smiling stranger without testing them first. This stranger then suggested that I at least stick around until the food arrived. I should explain that the mention of food sets my stomach on the cusp of desire. I love food, but as a vegetarian I too often find that what others think of as food I...don't. I shared my situation with this stranger, and discovered to my delight that my needs had been planned for and would be well met.

Over the course of the afternoon I heard again and again the words "No problem". The expected pressure to drink myself into a stupor and debase the humanity of myself and others never materialized. I signed up to play a little non-competitive Co-Ed volleyball, and left the college feeling much better about my future than I had in several months.

My next Innis epiphany occurred after my second volleyball game. I was invited to a neighbouring pub after the game to share a pint and a laugh, and I gladly accepted. These strange Innisites seemed very non-threatening and easy to be around, and I was almost able to remember some of their names, a fact which they seemed to appreciate as the great feat it was. When we arrived at the pub I realized that all of the other people who had come knew each other, and though several of them were no older than me, they seemed it. I decided to stick it out, but I began to feel somewhat out of place. We sat, and miraculously before the first beer arrived I felt as though I belonged with these people. They answered my questions with compassion for my ignorance, and despite my early blunders they were pleasant and friendly. By the end of the evening we were laughing together at private jokes and I found that I knew ALL their names. Even then, I felt it to be a turning point.

Shortly afterwards I took a position on the ICSS, and ever since I have been made to feel important, welcome and worthwhile.

I have come to call the social dynamics of Innis College the politics of inclusion. Innis has a definite clique structure, but it is a clique that accepts all comers, and within which the interpersonal politics are surprisingly mild and venomless. Innis is a place where all are welcome, and differing views or habits are embraced. Though not always successful, the sports teams are open to all, and Innis is one of the very few colleges on campus that welcomes women to play on its men's teams. The Innis Residence, with its large population of professional faculty students, is repeatedly embraced as an important demographic in the planning of events. The Innis Herald has a stated mandate to publish as many of its submissions as possible, providing that they are not sexist, ageist, or racist in nature (and it's such a great newspaper - Ed.). Innis college is the only place I know of where heresy, iconoclasm and difference to the norm are embraced into the community as readily as a social chameleon.

Innis College will never be all things to all people. Hopefully however, it will continue to be a place where strangers do not need to remain estranged and where everyone can play the game in their own way, or not play at all, without being judged or excluded.

Want To Be Part Of Frosh Week?

We need energetic, enthusiastic men and women for frosh group leaders and frosh week staff.

First Meeting:
Second half of March
Date Forthcoming

ENSU Saves the World, Again

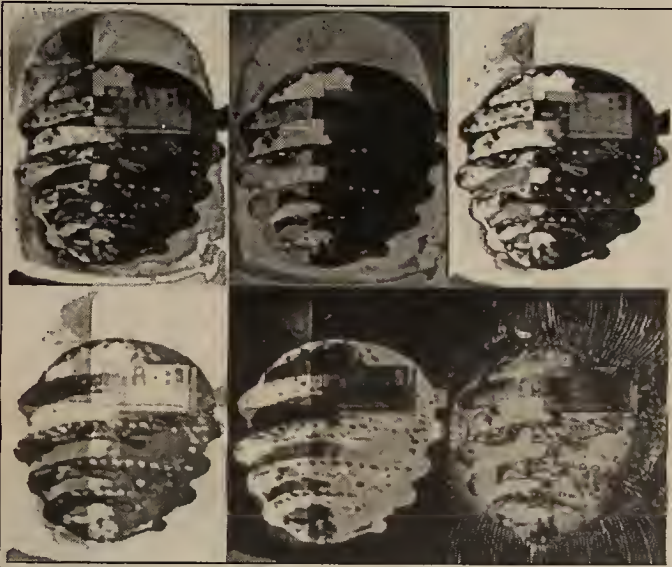
by Laura Murphy & Susan Matheson

Environment Week came to a close with a wine and cheese held at Sylvester's Cafe: a great end to a great week. All Environment Week events were well attended and the message that environmentalism must not die was heard!!!! Special thanks go to OPIRG who organized and coordinated all the events.

The next item on our agenda is the Graduate Forum which will be held on Monday, March 4th from 3:00pm-6:00pm at University College. This event will be great for students interested in attending grad school in environmental studies/science. There will be representatives from UofT, U of Guelph, York U, Ryerson, and a representative from Niagara College. Also in attendance will be a recent graduate from UofT to discuss the trials and tribulations of getting into grad school. We are expecting it to be a great success.

As for the regular day-to-day life of ENSU, things are going great. Our volunteer meetings are getting bigger all the time. We've had many enthusiastic students from Innis and abroad getting involved.

We have some new additions to our resource room which include a compendium of every environmental course offered across Canada. The compendiums are available - so come by the office (Room 210) and check them out! Information about new Innis courses is available (i.e. the professional experience course).



Gorgeous Groundwater

by Emma Jane Hogbin

"What is essential is invisible to the eye."
-the Fox, *The Little Prince*

As many of us have realized, Canadians have been blessed with an incredibly beautiful and diverse environment. From the Prairie Dogs in Saskatchewan to the bright red sugar maple bushes in High Park, Canadians can experience a little nature even where it is least expected. And yet, something essential to both these things (and many others) we cannot see.

Unlike many other environmental components groundwater has received little media over the years. All right, I admit it's not as cute as a harp seal, nor is it as mutilated as clearcuts of British Columbia, but do we realize how important it is? Not likely, seeing as sometimes the only way that groundwater contamination is noticed is if a community gets sick from drinking it.

Groundwater is that water which moves through the pores within bedrock (or permafrost). It does not necessarily travel in underground tunnels. Groundwater feeds lakes, rivers and soil and receives some moisture replenishment from these same sources; however the main source of replenishment is from rain and melted snow. Within this time the groundwater can travel great distances, carrying any contamination along with it. There may be contamination seeping into your backyard without you even realizing it (sneaky isn't it?).

Many Canadians gather water through wells (which may be either private or municipal) and use it as their main source of drinking water. And yet there is no federal legislation dedicated to ensuring the quality of this federal resource; it has been crammed into larger bills with other environmental legislation.

The Sierra Club of Eastern Canada and the Waterloo Centre for Groundwater Research have teamed up to prepare a report on the quality of Canadian drinking water. They are doing both a legislative review for existing Canadian and provincial legislation and, in the spring, will be testing municipal wells across Canada to compare the quality of groundwater. After considering the state of groundwater and the legislation that helps to protect it throughout Canada, the team will recommend how better groundwater could (should really) be protected in Canada.

Some sneaky, but true, groundwater facts:

1. Canada's per capita water use is the second highest in the world.
2. There is 43 million cubic kilometres of groundwater under the North American continent.
3. It is often impossible to restore polluted groundwater to a drinkable quality.
4. 99% of all the water in Canada is found as groundwater.

Abortion Will Be An Issue in the SAC Referendum

by Naomi Savage

On Wednesday, March 20 and Thursday, March 21, students will vote in a referendum that will ask whether they think that SAC should collect a fifty cent levy on behalf of the Sexual Education and Peer Counseling Center (SECC). This question will be a contentious issue for any students and the campaign, which will begin on March 4, will garner a lot of attention on campus.

The question on the ballot will read, "Do you agree that an annual fifty cent levy (optional) should be collected from each full-time undergraduate St. George Campus student for the operation of the Sexual Education and Peer Counseling Center?" An affirmative vote in the Spring elections will authorize and direct SAC to collect and administer the levy on behalf of the center, beginning in the 1996-1997 academic year.

On Wednesday, February 28, the University Affairs Commission from SAC met for over two hours to debate the issue of allowing this question to go to a referendum. The meeting room was crowded because volunteers from the Sex-Ed Center had come to show their support. At the end of a lengthy emotional debate, the motion was carried by a vote of nine to three in favor of allowing the question to go to a referendum.

I attended the meeting because I am a volunteer at the Sex-Ed Center and I was there to show my support. Although the outcome of the meeting was successful from my point of view, the discussion was compelling and indicative of the kind of controversy that may accompany the campaign in the next few weeks.

At the meeting, Humberto Carolo, one of the coordinators at SEC and a board director at SAC, delivered a detailed presentation on the history and services of the Sexual Education Center. Carolo pointed out that the SEC was originally started by members of SAC in 1976. SAC funded SEC until 1984 when St. Mike's threatened to withdraw its support for SAC if it continued funding SEC. It seems that in 1984 the main issue for St. Mike's was SEC's "pro-choice" counseling approach.

In 1996, SEC's pro-choice counseling service is likely to become the driving force behind the "no" side of the referendum. Although there was overwhelming support for SEC from SAC members, there were several people who did not want to see this question go to a ballot.

The most vehement voice of the opposition to the referendum at the meeting came from Greg Todd, Vice President of Administration at SAC. Initially, Todd said that the question was being "forced" upon the students, and that it was "undemocratic" to push it through in two weeks without allowing students enough time to hear the issue out. He suggested that the referendum take place in the fall by-elections instead. Dave Rudell, Vice President of Finance at SAC countered Todd in saying that "if the students have two weeks to elect a president, then two weeks is enough time to vote on this issue in the referendum."

Although Todd denied any "ulterior motives" that he may have had in delaying the referendum, once the motion was passed, Todd turned to other matters that concern SEC's pro-choice counseling (during the meeting, Todd commended himself on changing his usage of the word 'pro-abortion' to 'pro-choice'). In a surprising counter move, Todd suggested that SAC also create a referendum question asking students whether or not they would agree with a ten percent levy for Birthright, an on-campus 'pro-life' organization that offers alternative counseling to abortion. This motion was met with pronounced opposition from the board and, in the end, Todd withdrew his motion.

Carolo explained to concerned members at the meeting that counseling in the case of unplanned pregnancy is designed so that a woman can make an 'informed choice'. "We present a woman with all the alternatives so that she can make a choice", Carolo says, "and that includes adoption, keeping the baby, as well as abortion. The important thing is that our counselors never make a judgment based on a woman's decision."

Despite the controversy, it was clear at the meeting that pregnancy counselling is not the only service offered by SEC. Carolo went through a lengthy list of services offered to University of Toronto students, which include a telephone counselling service, drop-in centre, library, residence and high school talk series and student outreach. One of the main student outreach events is Sexuality Awareness Week. Carolo says that this year there were over ten

events available to students throughout the week, and that they were very well attended.

Carolo cited some impressive statistics from SEC, including the fact that the centre received 1200 calls from students in 1993-4. However, Carolo says that "the calls fluctuate from year to year as a result of lack of funding, since 'during years when we had money, we were able to publicize more fully.'"

"There are sixty students that presently volunteer at SEC and a lot of competition to become a volunteer", Carolo told the commission, "two years ago we had 120 people apply to volunteer and this year we had to turn away over twenty applicants." The volunteers have 10 to 12 three-hour long sessions that include training in the fields of sexuality, counseling and relationships. The training is sponsored by organizations like the AIDS committee of Toronto, The Gay/Lesbian And Bisexual Youth Line, Planned Parenthood, and the Department of Public Health.

"This year our training centred a lot around cultural sensitivity because of the amount of diversity on campus", Carolo said. "Part of our mandate is to appeal to groups that have been traditionally marginalised." Carolo also pointed out to the committee that the volunteers represent a healthy diversity on campus. "What other organization provides a service where people speak 19 different languages?"

Right now the center is surviving on a budget of approximately \$4000, which is provided through colleges on campus (Innis generously donated \$500) as well as various other organizations including OPIRG, LGB-OUT, and the Department of Public Health. Carolo says that SEC has been able to survive on this money, but just barely. "Why should we wait any longer for money that we desperately need?...In addition to being too low, our finances are unpredictable because the money trickles in from the colleges throughout the year." The student levy will guarantee the SEC a base of approximately \$10,000 (maximum figure). Carolo says that the money accumulated would amount to one-third of the entertainment budget at SAC. In addition to the services already rendered by SEC, the revenue generated by the student levy will allow the centre to expand its services to include an updated library service, increased outreach events to students, quality speakers for training counselors, and an increase in the amount of publicity to raise awareness for SEC.

Aside from the issue of "pro-choice" counseling, some students might be concerned with duplication of services between SEC, the Health Center, and the Women's Center. Carolo explained that "We (SEC) offer a unique service in that we are entirely run by students and people feel more comfortable speaking about uncomfortable issues in a non-clinical environment. Imagine if you were going through the 'coming-out process', where you are admitting either to yourself or your friends and family that you are a gay or lesbian. Wouldn't you rather speak to your peers in an informal environment rather than be confronted by physicians or

psychiatrists? Or imagine wanting to get information about an STD and having to see a physician. Most people feel embarrassed about that kind of thing. And it seems to me that going to a peer counselor would remove the burden from OHIP during this time of fiscal restraint." Carolo feels that the service provided by S.H.O.P. (Student Health Outreach Program) and the Women's Center are also very helpful; they do cover a much broader range of issues (like eating disorders and alcoholism) whereas SEC focuses on issues relating to sexuality and relationships.

Although there was vocal opposition to SEC at the meeting, I was pleased to see that the voices of opposition were in minority. By and large, most members at the meeting were impressed with the services offered by SEC and in favor of this question going to a referendum. Now it is up to the students to decide whether or not they want to fund a service like SEC. Look out for the campaign in the next few weeks. Based on my experience at the University Affairs meeting, I will guarantee that it is going to be interesting.

Naomi Savage is a candidate for the SAC Director's seat in the Innis Constituency.



Can We Drink Bud Too?

by Michelle R. Bertrand

"Last year the council held a vote on whether the two officer positions [women's issues and human rights] should be amalgamated and turned into a students' issues commission. Todd says the position was voted down because some felt the position would be used to involve SAC in social issues that have nothing to do with students. 'That SAC would end up dealing with abortion or same-sex benefits was the concern of the board', he said". as reported in *The Varsity*, February 12 issue: 'Women's issues office undervalued, says Burke'.

Since I read and digested the judicious authority of some SAC members that "social issues" such as abortion and (ohmigod!) same-sex benefits "have nothing to do with students", I've been closely following related articles, looking out for further legislation on my student identity. That initial comment had its uses, of course: I've had many heated debates with my pals about what may or may not be rightfully called "student's issues". And no doubt, such respectable concerns as tuition, TA shortages, refund schedules and service charges (incidental fees), dominated the discussion. SAC seems to be at least two paces behind the rest of us though: not only does the Council have difficulty addressing these broader, more discernible "issues" - setting up a committee to confront Simcoe Hall on tuition hikes, for example - but SAC's very by-laws seem to be a "little hazy" on what, in fact, constitutes a student...a face-tious oversight, with far-reaching implications.

This article is about erasure.

It is about the ways in which political apathy - that enduring and carefully constructed image of a purely service-oriented Students' Administrative Council - paradoxically serves to give us a full and clear picture of U of T politics, silently dictating who our students should be...at the expense of who we really are.

A lot of us don't know half the story if we have been overtly discriminated against or excluded as members of one minority or another: we are most disempowered when we are erased. Pink panty-hose labeled 'nude', (There are no black people, or at least black shoppers). All men are created equal. (Women no longer exist). Women's jeans that don't have quite the right fit, (If you can't wear this you must be out of shape. Or a man). Services and

should be.

This, folks, is what 'political neutrality' really looks like.

SAC's statement - or rather, its silence, or perhaps most accurately, its *concern about having to deal with* certain social issues legislates student concerns and, by extension, legitimate ways of being a student of U of T. It is ironic that Todd should speak of "forcing" questions upon students in the upcoming referendum, given that this will be one of the few chances for students to decide who they want to be. The conviction that some issues have nothing to do with students implicitly re-constructs our student identity. Students don't struggle for same-sex benefits (hell, none of us are even gay). Students don't get abortions (or pregnant. Or are women. Or even have sex for that matter). Students, when registering for class and using some of the services - sponsoring campus pubs and beer rights, buying t-shirts or just hangin' out at the Hangar knockin' back a couple Buds - are students; when seeking abortion referrals...are someone else. SAC's position plausibly locates student identity within the Institution i.e. within the relationship to U of T (and, of course, to SAC); and everyday identity within the everyday. I know quite a few people who are comfortable with this: if I want a "genuine education" I attend my classes (don't quote me on this), if I need abortion counseling and advice, I see my private doctor.

In many ways, this would be an ideal way to run things. It offers an image of decentralized student needs, of needs that don't tax the system beyond providing university-related services. Unfortunately, it bears false testimony to U of T reality. For many of us, U of T is the centre of our universe. It offers us residence as an alternative (or perhaps just intolerable) home environments, and is a haven for those of us who are new to Canada, or even Toronto and haven't the slightest clue about health care, housing, legal issues, job markets and career opportunities...When I came out of the closet, I went to the Women's Centre first, and then found out about the 519. The point is that there is a sizeable portion of the U of T student community who cannot automatically take their problems, or their everyday identity to private doctors, to community centres, to Church and Wellesley or just Elsewhere. The point is that we are a sizeable portion of the U of T student population who shouldn't have to, simply because somewhere out there is an abstract conception of the Student who stays behind in the classroom when most of us have long left the building.

Details of the St. George St. Makeover

by Sabra Ripley

Walking to class today I faced a scene familiar to so many U of T students: the bleak concrete wind tunnel known as St. George Street. Struggling to get through the crowd that seems to live outside Sid Smith I realized that St. George St. really is the main artery of the downtown campus; no wonder U of T has a reputation for being cold!

After class I quickly crossed over to the older side of the campus to take refuge amongst the impressive buildings of UC. Wandering over to King's College Circle I began to think back to my first taste of U of T. I'm a first year student and last year I visited the university in the spring to check out the campus. I remember the green of King's College Circle, and the trees that surrounded it, with the CN tower looming above it all. I loved the feel of UC and Trinity with their green lawns and tree lined paths, but it was the hustle and bustle of St. George that won me over. I remember the hoards of students in shorts, mini skirts and tee shirts milling around the vending trucks outside Sid Smith; lounging on the grass and stairs. I remember the bicycles, and the roller blades, and the general commotion. But what an unattractive street!

At the turn of the century St. George was a stately avenue, lined on either side by brick buildings and 100 year old elms. The trees and many of the buildings were demolished in 1948 when the street was widened to accommodate an increase in traffic. Since then it has been described as "a thoroughfare which cuts through the University like a polluted commercial canal" by University President Claude Bissell in 1962.

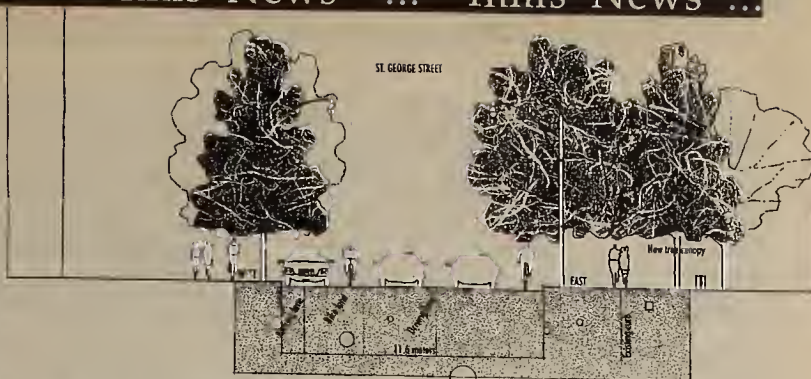
Wandering across campus today I tried to imagine St. George St. as a tree-lined boulevard with the dignified feel of a University drive. Apparently I'm not the first person to ponder such an absurdity. In fact there is a well organized, well funded and determined group of people already at work here on campus who don't think the idea is absurd at all.

THE ST. GEORGE ST. REVITALIZATION PROJECT is a joint project of the University of Toronto Department of Public Works and is being organized by a group called the St. George St. Users Committee. The Users Committee was first formed in 1991 when it was recognized that, as a central artery of the University, some sort of revitalization was needed. Since then plans have been underway to give old St. George a major makeover; now the Avon ladies are finally here.

The Users Committee has a 4 million dollar budget to fund the project; one million of this is being supplied by the public works department as part of their regular maintenance program for the street and one million has been generously donated by alumni and the private sector. This is being supplemented by a two million dollar grant from the City of Toronto's 1996 Capital Budget. These funds are crucial to the project and will only remain available for a short period of time so the Users Committee must work fast. The overhaul is planned to begin this June and will be finished by early September.

THE PROJECT OBJECTIVES ARE TO:

- Design the street as a gathering place to be used for a variety of student and community activities.
- Allow vehicular traffic, but at a reduced speed in order to create a friendlier, safer more livable street environment.
- Respond to St. George Street as an important part of the City's heritage.
- Recognize the character of the University community that surrounds the street within the larger urban context.



-Design a street that adds to the public landscape of the City, is broadly accessible and encourages better linkages to the University.

THE GENERAL PLAN: The Users Committee is aiming to better balance cars, bikes, and pedestrians by reducing car space and widening sidewalks while maintaining parking and bike lanes. According to the Users Committee Report for the Revitalization of St. George Street "the street will be restored to much of its former dignity and once again become a safe, lively, and pleasant place to be...through a series of small urban squares, a wide range of pedestrian activities and a landscaped boulevard."

THE SPECIFICS: The paved surface that is St. George Street is now 14 m wide, with 8 m for automobile traffic. When we return in September it will be 11.5 m wide with only two meters of traffic. The present 1.4m median will be lost while retaining one lane of parking and both north and southbound bike lanes. Automobile traffic will make up approximately 25% of St. George Street road allowance.

The bike lanes which act as a calming device to reduce car speed will continue to take up 9% of the total space.

Malcolm Elmes, a student at U of T, was quoted as saying that "'Greenification' will be a welcome change from the overbearing greyness of the concrete sidewalks and buildings." There are 44 public trees planted along St. George at present; after the summer there'll be 240! The trees will be planted in two rows along the east side of the street and one row along the west. These trees will create a canopy of shelter running from Bloor to College that will tie the street together and distinguish it from the rest of the city. Red Oaks, Silver Maple, and London Primes will line the street "giving the impression of a grand boulevard and restoring it to its former presence and dignity," the planning committee notes.

At a public information meeting on the 27th of February the team of consultants was asked why two rows of trees were not considered for the west side of the street. They responded that utility lines running under the pavement made a second row in that area dangerous.

So next year on their way to class students walking down the east side of St. George will pass through a corridor of trees, while on the west side they can march down either side of a single row (as in diagram). It will interest many of you who have had to dodge fellow students on your way to class that the amount of side walk space will be increased by 52% and will now take up 22% of the overall public grounds.

What the Users Committee described as "urban squares" will in fact be public meeting areas with benches placed along the boulevard with the Sid Smith plaza as the main focal point for social activity. Benches and trees will be placed outside Sid Smith on the St. George St. side of the building. It has been proposed that the terrace be incorporated into the plaza by removing the fence, phone booths and bike racks are also proposed. And best of all, the vendors will be left untouched! The greatest change to the Sid Smith area may very well be the closure of Willocks street.

The intersections along St. George will all be undergoing some major changes. The islands at the St. George/College, and the St. George/Harbord intersections will be incorporated into the pedestrian space. Doing this will mean the loss of the right turn lanes. Although the speed limit on St. George street will not be changed it is hoped that measures such as the absence of turn lanes and the creation of crosswalks, as well as the preservation of parking and bike lanes, will act as calming devices on traffic.

The crosswalks, bike lanes, and plazas will be paved in a common texture so as to distinguish them from the sidewalk and road and give the street unity. To distinguish our revitalized street from the rest of the city, low gate-like walls have been proposed for the intersections at both College and Bloor "to provide an entrance and identity to the University and St. George St. precinct."

It has been suggested that perhaps the parking should be removed altogether, and even that automobile traffic be completely cut off. However it seems that neither of these suggestions would be realistic. We must remember that aside from having a calming effect the parking lane also generates revenue for the city. And as for a pedestrian street, that plan was suggested in 1991 but was found to be unrealistic by the Master Plan Committee (a precursor to the Users Committee). The major reason appears to be the inconvenience this would cause to private property owners on the street.

One student suggested that "the street should be paved in gold". Perhaps if he could figure out how to do that for 4 million dollars the Users Committee would be interested, but for now it seems like they will at least manage to accomplish their project objectives. Whether St. George will be yellow brick or not we will certainly see a change in him when we return to class in September. No doubt St. George St. will still be the focal point of student activity on campus, but hopefully it will no longer be an eyesore.

A Senseless Proposal

-The Environ-Mental-est

"Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counselors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number; and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen than merchants, for they look ever to the present again."

Francis Bacon, 1625

Dear Mike Harris,

Finally, Ontario is going down the right route. It is the sound policies of this government which give me a prolonged sense of restfulness. No longer must I worry about the future because by cutting social programs, demolishing the Land-use Planning Act, and eradicating environmental legislation, Ontario (if not the world) is improving.

Yes for years, followers of Malthusian thought and population biologists alike, have predicted an overpopulated world with a scarce supply of resources, heck, even private golf courses have been crowded lately. But no longer sisters and brothers, even the rich are going down with the deficit. To borrow a David Suzuki quote from the Gargoyles, "What I breathe out of my nose goes straight up my neighbour's nose. I mean that we are physically linked together by a matrix of soon to be polluted air." Furthermore, praise conservative statulature for we must all be thankful for this significant effort to keep human population growth in check.

Indeed, weed out the counselors, undertakers, and citizens of Ontario, for this will be the greatest economic deed of all. By reducing our quality of life and the lives of many, the conservatives are stimulating decomposition which holds present and future gain. Tremendous provincial decomposition will fertilize this great plantation (golf courses included) and good things will once again grow in Ontario.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Friend of the Earth

Innis Career Forum '96

Thursday, March 28

6:00 - 8:00 p.m.

Innis Town Hall

Innis College

Have you thought about a summer job yet?

Not sure of your career path?

How are you going to find a job after you graduate?

The Innis College Alumni Association presents an evening of informal discussion designed to help you answer these and many other questions.

Join us.

Take the initiative in finding out how a panel of Innis alumni found summer jobs in their fields and how they developed their career paths.

Many diverse fields will be represented including Finance, Teaching, Cinema Studies, Environmental Studies, the Media, Sales and Hospitality and others.

Mainstream Fictional Programming is Necessary to Canadian Culture

by Sally Blake

Most discussions about Canadian cultural identity start with the premise that we are overpowered by the American media. Perhaps it might be useful to begin this discussion with the premise that Americans are completely unaware that Canadian culture even exists, and that by examining this reality we can discover why our culture and media have been utterly vanquished by the Americans. You know the stories - Vermont tourists driving over the border in the middle of August with skis strapped to their car-roofs... wide-eyed American kids searching for snowshoed shoppers in downtown Toronto. I have long thought this stereotype of the hopelessly insular American was something of a myth. After all, we are citizens of a globalized planet and our North American borders have been demolished in favour of free trade of goods, services, and presumably - culture. Who could possibly, in this modern information age, be so pathetically ignorant as to the climate and custom of the second largest country on earth?

Let me tell you a true story.

I found myself in the strip-mall suburb of Cranberry Pennsylvania a couple of days before Christmas. My fiancé and I were visiting family in nearby Pittsburgh and had escaped for a breakfast getaway one morning. We had stopped at the nearest establishment, a typical family restaurant with plastic lined booths and a thirty foot buffet. The place was called Eat-N-Park (why someone would eat breakfast and then park their car is still a mystery) and across the plaza were other multi-skilled establishments like Shop-N-Save, the local supermarket, and Stop-N-Go, the local gas station. After declining the 99 cent all-you-can-eat buffet, we ordered a modest breakfast and asked for some coffee. The astute waitress did not take long in concluding we were not native Cranberrians and politely asked us where we were from.

"Canada."

"Oh, that's great," she positively beamed, and whisked away to fill our order. We ate leisurely and asked for the bill. She came back smiling and handed us the slip of paper that would have ended our enjoyable sojourn if she had not decided to take advantage of the strangers in her midst.

"Are you enjoying the holidays?" she asked tentatively, and we nodded yes. This answer did not seem to satisfy her question and, after taking extra time in clearing the dishes, she finally blurted out - "I'm sorry to ask this, but do you celebrate Christmas in Canada?"

We looked at her blankly, quite unable to believe our ears. She pushed further.

"I mean, is it like our Christmas, or is it a Hanukkah thing?"

Was she asking us if Canada was a Jewish state, or was she mistaking the word Hanukkah for Native Indian terminology? Unsure, we continued to stare at her. Finally my fiancé answered "Yes, of course. I'm a Catholic in fact."

"Oh, you are!" She laughed in relief and whirled away, happy in the knowledge that Canada was not infested with heathens and that her dogsledding pals to the north enjoyed a couple of prezzies on Christmas morning just like her Cranberrian comrades.

My family had a good chuckle over the incident and it became the party anecdote of the season. Was our waitress friend suffering from exceptional isolationism, we wondered, or was she a typical example of the American populace? I pondered this for a while and concluded she was probably demonstrating an average understanding of her northern neighbours. Which is particularly frightening when you consider we were talking about Toronto, one of the largest cities in North America and a major centre for international events. The Canadian border itself was only four hours away. I wondered if American teens were similarly ignorant of distant locales in their own country but decided they couldn't be if for no other reason than film and television.

Television has the unique ability of soaking up the subtleties of normal existence and repackaging them in a more condensed and exciting format. We watch television and see ourselves functioning - or dysfunctioning, whatever the case may be - in an exaggerated, bizarre, but somehow recognizable fashion. The characters may be larger-than-life caricatures, but they are based on people like ourselves, living and breathing in the cities and towns that are familiar to us. Americans, like our waitress friend, have grown up with this sort of televised cultural mirror. Fifties' diners, grizzled New York cops and Yankee Stadium are well known images of American pop culture. One can argue that these are manufactured clichés and about as representative as the red-suited mountie in *Due South*, but they make up a much prized and successfully exported American culture.

Canadians, on the other hand, have grown up suffering from cultural malnutrition. The average Canadian 10-year-old watches 900 hours of television a year, 80% of which is fiction programming depicting the experiences of another country. Only 4% of the fiction programming available on English-speaking Canadian television is actually of Canadian origin. You might argue that Canada has its own news channel and sports network, and that sitcoms and TV dramas are irrelevant shock, unnecessary to the defence of Canadian culture. How one gets a sense of cultural identity from watching business reports, local fires, and excerpts from the parliamentary channel is beyond me. Personal identification with society is derived from the quirks and absurdities of day-to-day life that are shared and communicated by media such as television. Our technical existence might be better recorded in a National Geographic documentary, but our culture is better suited to sitcoms like *Cheers* and where Canada scores high in the documentary department, it falls miserably in the pro-

duction of high-quality sitcoms. Sure they might be unrealistic, but who cares? Most of the stereotypes that make up culture are. Dogsleds and snowshoes may be part of being a Canadian, but so is paying \$2 for the TTC, smoking DuMaurier cigarettes at the Second Cup, and drinking a good Canadian beer at your cottage in the Muskokas.

Commentators have frothed at the mouth for decades about Canadian culture and building a national identity. In response, governments set up the CBC and National Film Board to counteract the influence of the American media. They were good initiatives, and should be maintained and even strengthened, but let us not forget our dearly beloved, yet much maligned, goofy sitcom. We can produce good quality dramas and sitcoms in this country. We've got the same equipment and we've got the same talent (as long as it doesn't keep flooding south of the border) and we've got the same audience that tunes into American programming every night. What we need now is the will to make it happen, which means supporting new ideas that don't necessarily feature obvious Canadian symbols like dogsleds and mounties. We need fictional programming that picks up on the subtleties of our lives and better portrays what it means to be a Canadian.



A Peeler?

by Jennifer Kelly

My original intention for this article was to give my perspective, as a female, on the experience of visiting a female strip joint. However, because the cosmic bad luck machine hovers constantly above me and zaps me only when most inconvenient, I have neither the time nor the money to go to the Brass Rail. Nonetheless, I figure I'll give my opinion on peelers before having gone - and maybe next time I'll have the benefit of experience.

So far, strip joints have not become a point of contention for my boyfriend and I, although the possibility is there. I don't think he has been presented with the opportunity (?) of going to one since we've been together. He's told me that strippers hold no interest for him - and part of me believes him, but the other part of me feels that any red-blooded male would jump at the chance to stare at naked women dancing around on a stage. (sorry guys!)

The thing is, I can readily picture certain of his buddies sitting at the best table in pervert's row, guzzling beer and yelling things like,

"Nice ass! Mind if I wear it as a hat?"

(whether as a joke or not, a statement that does offend...) Do I picture my boyfriend there as well? I'm not sure.

If my boyfriend were to come to me and say he and the guys were going to see a peeler one Friday night, I have to admit I wouldn't like it. If he is satisfied with me, why does he need to surround himself with nubile, naked women? On the flip side, if I know he likes it where he is, why am I bothered that he will be surrounded? I guess I can't help but see it as a sexual thing. And, seeing that way, I can't help but be annoyed.

From what I've been told, it's a different experience when males go to a female strip joint than when females go to a male strip joint (I will admit I have a limited scope.) Stories I've heard about women at male shows usually involve lots of hooting and hollering, nervous giggling, and frequent blushing. The particular stories I remember about males at female bars invariably ended up with one guy - stewed to the gills - stripping naked and deciding that what was missing was audience participation.

So what is it that really bothers me about peelers? Maybe I'm envious in a twisted sort of way - envious that some women are comfortable enough with their bodies to do what they do. Lord knows I never could be. All the same, I wonder if it is enough to leave it at that. I don't think it is. No one has been able to convince me that places like this don't objectify women. I don't consider myself a feminist (if you must pigeon hole me, call me a humanist) but if you were to say to me that some of these women want to be doing this, or that they make great money at it, my response would be that a society where you can make big bucks by getting naked for a complete stranger seems a bit fucked up.

Understand that I'm not crusading here, I'm merely trying to make sense of something I don't understand... I'm also not condemning anyone - the dancers or the customers - but

something about the whole thing ranks me. Do I have a double standard? I don't think so. The last thing I want to do is spend a Friday night sitting in a dirty bar having a gargantuan man - whose body doesn't even appeal to me (I like men tall and SKINNY!), dripping with oil and sweat, shoving his fluorescent nylon-clad groin in my face expecting me to put MY hard earned money in between his ass cheeks.

So for now, that is where I stand on strip shows. I have a sneaking suspicion that my opinion won't change, even after going to one. Who knows? I could spend my whole summer simply going from peeler to peeler, wanting nothing more than to ogle naked, nubile bodies.

Belly Dancing In the Age of Empowerment

by Cathy Oh

Ishtar was a Babylonian goddess worshipped over 4500 years ago, and it is from her that we receive an ancient story of the power of the dance. When Ishtar's husband died, and passed into the land of darkness, Ishtar determined to rescue him. To gain entrance into the underworld, she danced the now-famous Dance of the Seven Veils of Ishtar. In her time away from the world, all was dark and no new life grew, and there was no happiness on earth. Only once she was reunited with her husband and returned to the land did life flourish anew. Her journey to the underworld and her triumphant return thus explains the seasons.

Dancing was much more important and sacred to early man than it is today. Mythological, historical and religious writings, and archaeological artifacts of dancing goddesses attest to its prevalence in everyday life. When religion was used as sympathetic magic, to make the rain fall, or for a good harvest, worship was much more personally active and dynamic. Contrary to Plato's later thinking, early believers thought of their bodies not as an impediment to the soul, but a vehicle through which they could reach a higher state of being, and make contact with the gods. This elevated state could be reached through dancing. However, dance is also a celebration, and a way of communicating. Every style of dance tells its own unique story of its mythology, history and ideals. The belly dance story is misunderstood all over the world, largely because the dance itself has been degraded from its mystically beautiful movements to the bump-and-grind of the cabaret show we are now familiar with. Belly dance is now seen as grotesquely sexual and cheap, but in its origins, it was a religious and life-giving dance, a dance of empowerment and pride. The familiar belly dance movement, the circling and jerking of the hips, were a prayer for fertility in the womb, imitating both the sexual act and the act of giving birth; not only did dancing have the power to make the land fertile, but it could encourage the very process of creation in humans. Women were

Young Canadian Film: Mano-a-Mano with Ben Mazzotta

by Carla Tonelli

In an era plagued by government cutbacks to the arts, the proverbial knot has been tightly secured in the shorts of many a young film student. There is one scholar, however, who seems uniquely comfortable in the face of all this tension. His name is Ben Mazzotta, and he's confident and optimistic about his future as a Canadian film maker. Currently finishing up a four year film program down the street at Ryerson, he offers a downpour of ideas and an undeniable passion about his chosen art form. He's young, enthusiastic and determined to love his livelihood, and he refuses to let a little bump, like government funding, stand in his way.

"Serious Canadian film makers should be looking for private funding right now, anyway," Ben said over a steamy coffee one sunny February afternoon. He thinks the federal government is "primarily concerned with cutting the national deficit," and not with promoting the independent film makers and artists of the '90s. In Hollywood, most of the films produced are privately funded, as the U.S.'s financial grant system is similar to Canada's. Quebec, of course, is distinct from the rest of the country, in the sense that they've got a large market for French Canadian films. Ben applauds the way Quebecois film makers are encouraged to experiment using styles different from the glamorous Hollywood norm.

At Telefilm Canada headquarters in Montreal, Co-ordinator of Public Relations and Information Michel Montagne agrees that films produced by French Canadians are warmly welcomed by Montreal theatres and broadcasters. "In Quebec, broadcast ratings reach over one million each week," he said. As of February '96, Quebec remains unscathed by the type of financial cuts that the Ontario Film Development Corporation has recently undergone. (At the time of writing, the OFDA was affected by the OPSEU strike, and no representatives were available for comment).

Rani Sanderson, another film student at Ryerson, believes that the reason Quebec shows more support for home grown movies is rooted in its attempts to sustain a distinct society. "The general public of Quebec actually go to see films the rest of North America probably won't have the chance to," she says. Possibly as a result of the invisible language border, French Canadian film makers are given the opportunity to break off from the Hollywood standard, knowing that there is a sponge of a market out there to back them up by providing a demand for their works.

On the global spectrum of government funding, Ben thinks Europe has the ideal attitude. The countries of Europe value the arts more intensely than English Canada, he says. They value the films produced and therefore pump a lot of money into

maintaining their production. European film makers ignore the currently popular techniques of over-lighting and extravagant special effects, preferring to please aesthetically on the grounds of raw visuals.

Unlike other soon-to-be graduates, Ben is not willing to settle for a job that might force him to lower his goals of providing a perfect blend of storyline and visual composition in film making. Compromise is not a word in his vocabulary when it involves producing a work that will forever bear his name in the credits. "If you're in the business to make money, don't call yourself an artist," he said.

Ben is disgusted with the number of organizations, such as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences that praise 'bad' lucrative films instead of recognizing higher quality productions. Ben believes that the Oscar nomination lists often include films that truly deserve acclaim without any intention to honour them with the prestigious award. For this reason, he chooses the Cannes festival as a more accurate gauge to weigh the value of a film.

So what is a good film anyway? Well it's definitely not a matter of how much money it rakes in at the box office, according to Ben. "Art in general is subjective," he says, "and it is a different entity to everyone." He strongly argues that bubbling computerized graphics should not serve as the sole criterion for a good movie. "Without the foundation of compelling visuals compounded with a good storyline, all you're left with is a flaccid sack of dribble." He goes so far as to claim that "one frame of Kieslowski is better than all three *Star Wars* movies put together."

This statement sparked a heated debate at a neighbourhood cafe regarding the merit of technological aid in the editing room. Marco Paesano, a student of the OCA and part time assistant on student films, is an advocate of computers in art. He argues that the *Star Wars* movies were entertaining partly because the computerized technology allowed new ideas to be created. "Without the technological advances this century has produced, many of the ideas presented in *Star Wars*, as well as other science fiction works would never have been born," he said.

"But it's not about the tools," Ben argues, "it's about the raw materials initially encountered. The art of film is in taking the essence of an object and using it to instigate contemplation of individual experience. It's sort of a subconscious romantic notion of mine, to invite others to search for the individual truth in any given object."

Ben's favourite directors include Martin Scorsese (*Goodfellas*; *Taxi Driver*) and Krzysztof Kieslowski (*Three Colours: Blue, White, Red*) because they both exude directorial authority. "They take control of their films. *Red*, in particular, is brilliant. It's got the perfect mix of plot line and visual, and yet is so quiet and subdued." A favourite Canadian director of Ben's is Denys Arcand (*Jesus of Montreal*, *Love and Human Remains*) because as a French Canadian, he shows film to be a "truly artistic medium."

Since January '95, Ben has worked on seven films, including one for which he wrote the screenplay and is presently directing. On May 14, 15, and 16, there will be a special showing of Ryerson's fourth year students' films at the Bloor Cinema, located at Bloor and Bathurst. Ben's film will be among those screened, and the festival is open to the public. Tickets will be sold \$4 a night, or \$10 for a book of tickets spanning all three nights. A different collection of films will be presented each evening.

Ben explains, "Every year, Ryerson hosts the fourth year students' film festival on campus. The grad class always talked about getting a really good venue, specifically a big theatre - and this year, we're going to do it. I think it'll be great!" The showings will be approximately three hours long, containing films ranging from 15 minutes to 45 minutes each. For vibrant films made by people who are inspired by their chosen art form, don't miss this showcase of young Canadian talent.



thought to be the sole transmitters of life through birth and were worshipped for this awesome power. By performing the sacred belly dance (or at least the roots of it) in holy temples, women demonstrated their pride in their womanhood and their power to create miracles. For this reason, "belly dance" is a fitting name, for it is from the belly that life comes, and through the navel that our first connection to life was formed. It is a testament to our fear of the power of the belly that the navel was and is, in some areas, considered indecent. The decorative touch of a gem in the navel, was generated from prudishness rather than aesthetics or tradition.

Belly dancers are sometimes associated with tawdry cabarets/tease shows/whorehouses, and the association goes a long way back. It is true that belly dancers in the temple often exchanged sex for money, but it was a form of worship, the enactment of a sacred rite. Other prostitutes existed, but men would couple with temple worshippers in order to make contact with the divine. In Mesopotamia, Middle East and Greece, it was common for worshippers of the Goddess religion to give themselves to strangers, and the money given in exchange would be offered to the temple, or to the goddesses Aphrodite and Venus, to be later reclaimed for the girls' dowry. Dowry-dancing (without prostitution) has been common in the Middle East, northern Africa and the Mediterranean for thousands of years. The most famous dowry-dancers, the Ouled Nail, still live and dance in the Algerian Sahara, performing an ancient version of the belly dance.

Although the belly dance appears to be for the benefit of men's admiring eyes, in the Middle East where it flourished, it was usually performed in the company of women only. Harem life dictated that all the women in a family lived together, where they were completely secluded from all men save the husband. Women spent much time dancing, to amuse themselves and each other, and all girls learned to dance by watching the older women perform. For women living in such a restricted environment, the exuberance of dancing provided the enjoyment of freedom and ancient power. According to Muslim faith, women are the greatest potential source of chaos,

because of their strong, irrepressible sexual urge, and are regarded as mysterious in their intensity and hidden power. Because belly dancing was only performed for women, there arose a tremendous mystique about it, and in the shroud of mysteriousness that surrounded Middle Eastern women, belly dancing stood out as the ultimate unknown. Middle Eastern women possess a secretiveness, and the veils they wear imply the concealment of knowledge. This enigmatic aspect lives in the dance today, with the incorporation of veils, sometimes hiding and sometimes displaying certain motions. When the belly dance is performed, the words of Isis can be felt through the movements:

I am all that has been, and is, and shall be, and my veil no mortal man has ever lifted.

During the early 18th century, Europe discovered the heady delights of the Orient and it became known as a site of sensuous indulgences both cruel and beautiful. Belly dancing was one of the main attractions for men, and Flaubert wrote enthusiastically about them:

Hours pass and it is difficult to tear oneself away. This is the way the motions of the dancing girls of Asia affect the senses... the rhythmic wheeling exhales a delightful torpor on the soul, like an almost hypnotic intoxication.

Soon, belly dancing was brought to Europe and then North America, where it has achieved much notice, first as a fascinating stage act, then as a sleazy lounge act. It was brought to North America at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, where it caused great excitement. Some were attracted by the languid lyricism of the dance, but most, unfamiliar with the history and the Middle Eastern way of movement, regarded it as lasciviousness. They were described as, "shockingly unpicturesque, unromantic and vulgar," "frankly disgusting," and the dancers compared to "a cat wallowing in a bed of catnip". Yet interest raged on, schools for belly dancers were formed, and Diaghilev's ballet *Scheherazade*, based on *The Thousand and One Nights*, opened in 1910. The extreme voluptuousness of

the Middle Eastern dancers however, was disdained by westerners, and the very qualities that a belly dancer is proclaiming in her body became even more degraded. In the Old Testament Song of Songs, the man asks his lover (called the Shulamite) to dance for him. Her dance is described as follows:

Your rounded thighs are like jewels,
the work of a master hand.
Your navel is a rounded bowl,
that never lacks mixed wine.
Your belly is a heap of wheat,
encircled with lilies.

In ancient times, the fertility of women was embodied in their rounded belly and thighs, the very body parts which belly dance emphasizes. In some translations, the Shulamite's dance seems very similar to belly dance.

After this period of initial interest, belly dancing was relegated to the roles of light relief in movies and cabaret amusement. Since the 1960s however, there has been growing interest in belly dancing as an art form. There is such beauty in the dance, that when a woman watches it done correctly she cannot help but be filled with awe. The dance is not focused entirely to the audience, but also to the dancer herself. Her movements are personal and intimate, as if you are being allowed a glimpse of her ancient secret. The dance embodies its story of power, life and mystery so perfectly in its movements that it brings the watcher and the dancer to a place where its story can be seen, sensed and felt. The dancer moves her hips and her belly, pointing to her eternal power as a life-giver. Her feet are finily planted in the ground, for women are earthly creatures, and they participate in the continuance of life on earth. Yet there is also an element of the ethereal heavens, in the arms gestures and postures. The movements are occasionally intimate and at other times welcoming, for the dance is for the enjoyment of the self as well as for others. The dance is a reminder of the reverence women once deserved, and of the miraculous abilities that still exist in them. This is the way women were meant to move. Sensuous, fierce and proud, but above all, womanly.

Ahh-Romatherapy

by Lina Francisco

AS I OPEN THE CLASSROOM DOOR, I AM EMBRACED BY A SCENT THAT TRAVELS THROUGH MY NASAL PASSAGES AND, LIKE A KEY, unlocks the treasure chest I call my odour memory. Suddenly, flashes of my childhood flood my brain and I'm eight again, standing beside my mother in the backyard picking fresh peppermint for soups. Waking me from my semi-hypnotized state is the soothing voice of my instructor and my class begins.

I became interested in aromatherapy when I worked for The Body Shop in Victoria, B.C. To fill my title of "In-Store Trainer", my main duty was to keep everyone informed and on the right track. The launch of the new Aromatherapy line was in the midst, so off I sauntered to a workshop to become enlightened, and enlightened I was! Now here I am in Toronto, elbow high in oils and invigorating aromas.

Aromatherapy is the enhancement of the body, mind and spirit with the use of botanical essential oils. Essential oils are basically the "life force" of the plants from which they are derived. They contain both aromatic and medicinal features which provide colossal healing and balancing attributes when used properly. These oils are pure extractions from certain cells in each plant such as flowers and their blossoms (Lavender, Ylang Ylang), fruits and their rinds (Lemon, Orange), roots and barks (Sandalwood, Frankincense), and leaves (Pettigrain, Eucalyptus). They help to balance energy flow and when used therapeutically, they are analgesic, anti-bacterial, antiseptic and anti-inflammatory. These oils penetrate the body and not only have an effect on the topical area but also on the adjacent oils as well. What better way to bring your body back to a harmonious state!

In many texts, there are references to the use of essential oils in history that date as early as 3000 B.C. For example, the Egyptians would embalm the bodies of their Kings and Pharaohs with bandages that were found to contain Galbanum resins and spices such as clove, cinnamon and nutmeg. As such, the bodies were predicted to last for 3000 years! (Too bad they weren't actually living to recount history for us!) They also fabricated pills, powders, suppositories, medicinal cakes and purges, ointment and pastes for external use from a wide range of trees, plants, plant ash and smoke. Plants they used included Aniseed, Cedar, Cumin, and Coriander to simply name a few. The Greeks, Romans, and Arabs were equally blessed with similar knowledge.

Planetary Advice

by Renata Catenacci

I wake up startled, somewhat dazed and confused, and at the same time excited. "Moon," I ask, "why do I dream such things?"

"Child," she says (as the moon is known to rule feminine qualities such as motherly love) "your sixth sense is something you need to understand, not I. Although I lighten and inspire such intuition, I'm not the one to interpret it."

The moon could tell you anything; your mood, your feelings, when your fertility, when your not. It would know. The sun was shining brightly. "Does he bring happiness today?" I wonder. I then come to ponder the meaning of life. Thoughts toss and turn furiously through my mind.

"Why do you race?" Mercury says from the clouds.

"Ah, messenger of the gods, how do you do today and why are you making communication so hard?" I ask.

"Settle your mind, oh busy one, if communication is necessary I'll make the connection." So I relax and get down to serious work.

"Saturn, do you have a moment?"

"No time to waste, work, I say, financial security my dear. Stick with that!" and Saturn runs off, she's quite preoccupied, you know.

"Jupiter, oh Jupiter, I did want to thank you for the wonderful flow of events last week!" I say.

"Peace human, but remember the Wheel of Fortune is always turning and fate is not always on your side." With that he leaves me in a gloom of despair, and I look down into the water beneath the dock.

"God of the Ocean, Neptune, is it wrong that I dream so?"

And he answers my question with a solemn and sincere voice: "You may visit my ocean of many shades of blue anytime you wish but realize that it is only an escape and that the ocean can get too rough. Visit, do not dwell in its waters."

Then a great light flashes across the sky and I see Venus looking at me and she says, "Sister, love and beauty have yet to find you, but you must find the beauty within yourself before your eyes open to the loveliness around you." And with a wink of an eye and a brilliant shine, she leaves.

Then I see Uranus and say, "Uranus, you fool, where are you going? Is it possible that there are no negative consequences that come from your innocence?"

"None that I can't ignore, fellow being! Jump, I say, jump!"

"But it seems in tragedy, that innocence is not enough." I am startled by an overpowering voice from afar. "Listen not to her childish cry! Aggression can lead to power and success. Explode, say I, Mars the god of war. EXPLODE!"

Then the sky goes black and I look upon a lonely planet. "Pluto, why is your face so dark?"

"I deal daily with sex and death and hidden desires. Your fantasies, your illicit love affairs - I know them. The sun's rays don't reach me. Am I to smile at something when nothing glitters? All is dark."

Then I look to the setting of the sun and remember its promise to rise in the morning (pun intended). I realize that I'm part of something larger than myself: that the sunshine, the moods of the moon, Mercury's mind and communication, Saturn's seriousness, Jupiter's fate and the luck it can lend and take away, Neptune's nostalgia, Venus' optimism, Mars' aggression and Pluto's cold, dark visions of sex and death are all part of my world. All affect me at one time or another and I'm merely a star in the impeccable pattern of a resplendent universe.

As for the here and now, it has only been in the past century that there has been a renewed interest in the medicinal use of plants and their extracts. In the 1920's a French chemist by the name of Rene-Maurice Gattefossé was investigating the antiseptic properties of essential oils. Not only did he discover the fact that these oils had greater antiseptic qualities than some of the chemical ones that they were using at the time, but also rediscovered the astounding healing properties of Lavender Oil (this is one of my favorites!). While conducting an experiment, Gattefossé's hand was badly burnt when a small explosion had occurred. His first reaction was to submerge his hand in a tub of neat lavender oil and was only partially surprised when found the burn healed at a phenomenal rate with no sign of infection and leaving no scar! (I wonder if most doctors today are aware of this?) So not only are these oils uplifting and stimulating when simply inhaled, but also have astounding effects on the body, it's organs and all of it's functions.

There is more than one way to get the oils into the bloodstream so they can "strut their stuff". You can place a total of 6 to 10 drops of essential oil into a warm bath, lie back, relax, and enjoy but remember to never place the oils into the bath while the water is running! Add them afterwards or else the scent will dissipate because of the impact of the water and you will be defeating the purpose entirely. Do this at night with the proper relaxing oils and you will find yourself in dreamland in no time flat. Another way is by inhalation. Place a few drops of Eucalyptus on your pillow before bed and it will help to decongest your nasal passages, (especially at this time of year!). You can also place a few drops on those rocks in a sauna, (if you're lucky enough to have access to one), in an aromatic diffuser (you know, one of those wonderful ceramic "potpourri" burners) or make an atomizer to spray freely wherever you may roam.

Last, but definitely one of my favourites, is the aromatherapy massage. As a student, this has become one of my specialties. A wonderful stress reliever and the most proficient way to get those toxins flowing out of your body. The essential oils, when chosen at the time of your medical assessment, are mixed with a carrier oil and massaged into the skin. Close your eyes and let your aromatherapist's hands do the walking. (By the way, you should never put these oils in their undiluted state directly onto the skin for they are of a high concentrate and could burn or irritate the skin, and you should never take them internally.)

So for everyone out there who was wondering what the commotion concerning holistic practices was about, this is just a taste to relieve your curious minds. So if stress is what you feel best, never fear for Aromatherapy is here!

1-976-Twitterpate Me

by Suzy Daren

Do people get homier in the spring? That is the real question. Why, indeed they do. In fact even Disney's owl in *Bambi* tells us so by explaining that people do indeed become twitterpated during this time of year (Disney talking about sexual needs? WAKE UP, remember Thump-her?).

So why? Maybe it's some sort of biological thing, like the fact that this is the time of year that most animals do their mating. BUT I DON'T THINK SO - for humans are not animals (well, to be honest I have met a few during my sexual existence). But seriously though, why? I have been asking people this very question for the past few days and I've heard every answer from - "I can't have my boyfriends at my parents' house and it's finally warm enough to do it outside again," to the most popular male answer, "I haven't seen a woman all winter, just bundled up bodies with lots of hair and now they've got their *things* hanging everywhere." Yes girls, the dogs will soon be drooling again.

But I like to think that it's something more than that. Something more like love, not sex. It is a time of rebirth, a time where everything's new again. A time for something new with someone that might last further than May 24 week-end. Yes, a relationship. Now I know that scares a lot of you out there - as it does me, but just think about it for a second. Imagine walking through a beautiful field on a beautiful spring day, with a new special someone, and laying down on a beautiful patch of warm green grass while the shiny sun is reflecting on your most recent interest's hair; the birds are singing, the flowers are blooming, the trees are becoming fuller, water from a stream is hypnotically rushing somewhere in the distance, not a cloud in the sky, and you make love all afternoon 'til the spring air starts to get cooler, as the night grows near, and the first glimpse of the moon appears. Woah! So sorry, my fault, a slip into fantasy. I must apologize to my readers for the disillusionment that comes if a couple's first intimate experience, where love is not yet involved, is not that romantic. *We are living in a time when sex is as much an act of leisure as going bowling!* (hmm...bowling - Ed.)

Okay, truth, the most practical answer to this puzzling question is simple: IT IS AN EXCUSE. A blatant excuse for every horny person living in this world (which probably includes more than ninety percent of you) to have more sex!!! Enjoy, and be safe.



Still Life With Woodpecker by Tom Robbins

A Review by Carla Tonelli

I'd be lying if I told you it stunk. I'd also be lying if I told you it was wonderful. Quite frankly, it was no better and no worse than the big old OK. *Still Life with Woodpecker*, the Tom Robbins novel now old enough to drive a car, failed to capture my heart and left me disappointingly indifferent after flipping its last page.

Maybe I was jinxed from the start. You see, I kept hearing how fabulous Robbins was, and what a vital contributor to the contemporary American lit scene he was. With at least four number one bestsellers, and devoted fans sprinkled over our fair Toronto, his name hastily rose to the top of my own personal "must read" list. It could have been a case of over-hype - the same curse that ruined the Phantom of the Opera's petrifying, (yawn), chandelier and Forrest Gump's "majesty" for the late comers. But the fact remains that within this novel, a greedy author has taken over the narration, which *had* the potential to be great, and allowed his jagged thoughts to wildly roam at the expense of the character's credibility.

Once Robbins takes off on a subject, he flies along happily until he's forced to land on a different runway from the one he first abandoned. I'll compare his style to the turbulence one might endure on a bumpy flight through the Bermuda Triangle. As you stare out of the window, yearning to discover an unknown truth, you find yourself enveloped in a big white fluffy cloud, gaping at something you weren't even looking for. You eventually touch down, glad you made the trip, over all, but at the back of your mind echoes the question, were my eyes closed during the best part of that movie? And why am I still clutching an empty vomit bag?

The Brutal Death of a Romantic

by Victoria Shen

"For in the beginning of literature is the myth, and in the end as well."

-Borges, *Parable of Cervantes and the Quixote*

I should have been born Then. It was a time of knights and princes or dukes and earls or at least gentlemen. There was a place for chivalry, for valour and for honour. There were balls, salons, and summer picnics. People said "Prithee" and "Pray you" and conversed in iambic pentameter. Women wore gowns, men wore breeches and everyone galloped about swooning, or cursing, or vowing some noble sentiment, or literally dying for love. The question here is not whether Hollywood or Merchant Ivory realistically portrays history but rather whether we, at least once, at least momentarily, succumb to the romance of the past.

Who can resist the intoxication of rolling meadows, of mansions and country cottages? Even class struggles and peasant life, hell, even hangings seem somehow romantic from their sense of absolute tragedy. In fact, all things from the past seem to possess this 'romantic' quality. I would hate to conjecture that this is because life sucks. Albeit, doing laundry in a laundromat hardly compares to the picturesque scene of washing in a stream. Nevertheless, being knee deep in mud and leeches is hardly a lot of fun. So why does the past seem so attractive?

It has been said that the key in Romantic literature is the regaining of what is lost. In Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, Anne regains her 'bloom' and in doing so, she also regains her life and her love. Perhaps what is most romantic about the past stems from the fact that it is indeed lost to us. Borges wrote in the parable quoted above that all ultimately becomes a myth, so the present too will become a myth in the future. When Captain Wentworth wrote, "My dearest Anne, I cannot stand it any longer, the agony pierces my soul," I cried. It seems appallingly odd to me that someone may someday be equally moved and swoon to "Yo bitch." But maybe.

What then will be the romantic myths of tomorrow? Will it be the Rocky moaning, "Adrienne, Adrienne, I can't see," or Bart Simpson getting his heart ripped out by Michelle Pfeiffer? Or would it be the romances brimming with depravity like *Drugstore Cowboy* and *Leaving Las Vegas*? Perhaps the future will never be all that different from how things are now and we will never pine for this present. And perhaps we shall decide tomorrow what we have already concluded today: this life sucks and it always will.

Even if I wanted to, I think providing a plot outline for you would be a most difficult endeavour. Over all, I can say Robbins has written a love story kissed with elements of a spicy crime story. Proposed are weird political ideas wrapped nonchalantly inside the wacky household of a fictitious royal family. In particular, Princess Leigh-Cheri Furstenberg-Barcelona shines rather intimately in the starring role of this story. She's beautiful, had a miscarriage at one point, and if you can ever get used to her name, she may even charm your ear muffs off. Prepare to laugh, but prepare to forget everything you thought you knew about reality, because it will only get in the way of the serious business at hand. Robbins will take you on a roller coaster ride spanning the peaks of fantasy to the depths of philosophical knowledge, which, I must admit, is a pretty ambitious agenda.

I'm glad I read *Still Life With Woodpecker*. I even yanked out a couple of favourite quotations for you, which proved the book wasn't entirely a waste of time/energy. Upon explaining that conditions for burial in an orthodox Jewish cemetery forbid ear piercing and tattooing, Robbins points out that this is 'a strange theory of mutilation from the people who invented cutting the skin off the pee-pee.' It is strange, if you stop to think about it. Chapter 57 suggests "the lung of the smoker is a naked virgin thrown as a sacrifice into the godfire." These examples illustrate how this American writer is determined to include all this nifty ideas one way or another, regardless of their relevance to the scene in which they are blurted out.

Robbins tackles the question of how to make love stay. He defines the difference between an outlaw and

a criminal. If you happen to have red hair, you may find this novel very insightful and probably more captivating than I, a mere brunette, did. But the scattered thoughts and over abundance of sidetracking left me choking on the novel's so-called flow.

I think my problem with the book boils down to believing the characters. In journalistic prose, Robbins writes of erratic episodes and bizarre adventures, which presents a conflict in meaning. The style of *Still Life With Woodpecker* is matter-of-fact, when the facts are so far-fetched that our only option is to laugh it off. Are we to care about anyone? Personally, I find it rather difficult to harbour feelings for absurdly imaginative fairy tale figures who irrationally perform outlandish acts. The reader is thrown a constant challenge to figure out what is a joke and what isn't. Be forewarned, there is little that isn't. I'm tempted to call it a satire, or a parody, which inspects American culture and laughs at it, hard, but I'm still not 100% sure that that was the whole point of it. Somehow, I don't think Robbins wants me to know what he was up to anyway.

Short chapters (106 of them) made it easy to put down and pick up again. It could just be Robbins' touch that I've still got to get used to, this being the first of his novels I've read, but there lies beneath the odd details a whimsical and disheveled foundation. Robbins writes down every word that creeps across his brain, and ultimately, I think that's what brings me to rate *Still Life With Woodpecker* as nearly brilliant but ultimately flawed.

German-English Dictionary for Physicians. By Dr. Fritz Lejeune and Werner E. Bunjes. New York: Intercontinental Medical Book Corp., 1968.

A Review by Edward H. Cojones



German-English medical dictionaries are not everybody's cup of tea. In these days of rapid, inexpensive translation facilities, they seem like prestigious artifacts for the ardent do-it-yourselfer. But somebody has been using this particular dictionary, now in its second edition after a first edition of three printings.

The reason for its success is clear: From *Aas* (carriage) to *Zyurie* (cyturya), each of its 500,000 entries is remarkably clear and complete. Combining the format of a dictionary with that of a thesaurus, it not only translates each term but lists related terms, gives the context in which these terms are used, and gives their translation within that context. For example:

Band ribbon, tape/ *anatomy* ligament/ (Binde) bandage/ (Strang, *anatomy*) cord, chord/ (Spektrum) band/ (Gefassband) fascicle/ (Bindeglied) tie/ *chemistry* link

Because the German-English volume reviewed here (there is also a companion English-German volume) was written in part to help its German readers cope with the mysteries of English pronunciation, the definitions carry stress and phonetic notations. At first glance these notes are a little distracting, but after a few moments one overlooks them automatically.

Oh my luvie is, like, a red red rose

by Inugu Gaylord

The word "like" was, like, voted the "pop culture word of the 90s" at the American Academy of Language this year. "Like" is one of the most often misused words of our generation. One friend of mine spawned the classic "I liked him, but it wasn't like, liked like. Not like, I like, liked him, like, I just liked him, y'know what I mean?" What is the youth of today coming to?

An innocent verb has become a misconceived preponderant signifier and the verbal crutch of the masses. It's worse than opium. A word that is meant to imply uncertainty has become a statement of identity that is now devoid of identity. Why has "like" lost its meaning? You could blame it on the brainless California Valley Girls of the '80s, yet it has spread so far-reaching across North America that it proves "like-orhea" to be a cross-cultural phenomenon.

The ambiguity in a current misuse of like is summed up by etymologist Eleanor Rigby: "Like is interesting because it can be used in any situation. One could even consider it a diegetic tool used in order to tantalize the listener into giving the speaker further attention. But in fact, the speaker is usually hesitating...or

in fact, injecting meaningless words, because they like the sound of their own voice." Conversely, the speaker might be doing so subconsciously; it can be used as a thinking space, an unconscious pause that gives the speaker a little more time to organise their thoughts.

"Cookie Puss is like, the sunshine of my life" said one fine member of the de Puss family at the 1995 Like-orhea Convention held in Manja, Sweden. Miss de Puss continued in a loud, like, Persian accent "I, like, couldn't live without it. Like, is like, intrinsically connected to the Cookie Puss erotic grapefruit of my like, soul."

As you can see yourself, the users of the word like are dangerous and verbally armed. The continent is being swept by pubescent louts foaming at the mouth, white froth and "like" spilling out from their so-called "erotic grapefruits".

Post-modern author Intra Dymension spoke the following truisms on the word like in her famous monogram *On Like: A Space-Time Continuum And A Timeless Void* (p.63). "I will never understand the spread of the word like. The epistemological terror of the decade has become a tidal wave of contempt aimed at the subconscious of North American society. With the deterioration of the language, the youth of today will be dysfunctional, unable to communicate properly without some form of lexicographical translator." Isn't she like, exaggerating?

London, Owl Style

by Rob Judges

I was like "Damn," as I looked down at my sneakers. "Everyone here is rocking dress shoes."

Looking at the tucked-in shirts and tight-ass pants of the other clubbers in the queue outside Ministry of Sound, I wondered if I was there on the right night. With the Shamen playing live and Josh Wink DJ-ing, I had to ask, "Yo, where the ravers at?"

The ravers came later, and in small numbers. I was there at ten, having no idea that clubs in London go on til the break o' dawn. The British club scene is the bomb. Whatever you like, they got. Hip-Hop, Brit-Pop, Jungle, Reggae, House, Techno, Chill-out, Acid Jazz, Exotic Easy-Listening, it's all good, every night of the week. At any given moment in the early hours of the morning you can freak to a different vibe. We did London owl-style. Nocturnal.

So it was techno at the Ministry of Sound, and I was afraid I wasn't getting in. The bouncer, though, was hip to our Canadian naivete, and we got in. It was totally wicked, except for The Shamen, who weren't. Their style of techno is too designed-with-the-hits-in-mind, and is harder to groove to than a well-mixed set of house beats. I passed the time between their set and

Wink's eating free candy in the V.I.P. lounge and battling my homeboys at free Virtual Fighter 2. Josh Wink soon appeared. His dreadlocked silhouette was scratching and tweaking the deepest, most minimalist house beats since Ritchie Hawtin's set at Transcendence. In an unexpected twist, he slipped into Drum'n'Bass with the greatest of ease, and then into phat-ass breaks, with which his set climaxed. He encoored with "Higher State of Consciousness" on three tables, mutating it so much that it drove one delighted dancer to dub him "the Jimi Hendrix of techno."

Delighted dancer and I, our energy spent, crept out of the club into the blinding glare of morning, enlightened.

If I had three props to give away to the U.K. club scene, they would be as follows:

1. Josh Wink at Ministry of Sound for his awesome skills and not his pube moustache.

2. This DJ at the Blue Note club who played so many wicked songs in a row I didn't have time to take a leak, the highlight of the evening being a super-dope remix of Oasis' "Champagne Supernova," overflowing with funk.

3. This totally flye chick at Madame JoJo's exotic easy-listening club, who just by being seen made a wack club good.

If I had three shorts to give out, this would be them:

1. Rosie, this slammin' chick that after she said she'd go out with me, got caught up in her friend's vomit and had to flee.

2. The buggers at the Gass Club who wouldn't let me in cuz the bottoms of my jeans were frayed.

3. Blow Up, whose obscure location made it impossible to find so that by the time we got there it was packed and the phat beats seeping out from within only burned us more.

As you can tell, these wack things aren't wack enough to cancel out the wicked things, so I suggest you save up the ducks and head to London before you get too old to shake that ass.

Wait, if I had three more props to give out, they would be to my three boys that I went with: Rich, Rick and Mike. Represent.

Canadian Music: Like It or Love It!

by Vinay Bhalla

In a time of great uncertainty, in our dear nation there are many issues to be concerned with. The value of the Canadian dollar is uncertain. The Canadian Football League's future is uncertain. The provincial government... (oh sorry!! There is certainty with this one, certain that they're SHIT!!) anyway, in these dubious times, there is one thing that you should be certain of and that is Canadian music.

The Canadian music scene is definitely on the rise and is beginning to gain great popularity. Bands such as The Tragically Hip, Blue Rodeo and 54-40 have already risen to the top of Canadian charts, and there are more bands coming out everyday. Focusing on the rock/alternative scene, there are already a number of great established bands, and add to that a stream of fresh, young, independent talent, and you're looking at a very positive outlook for Canadian music. Though Canadian artists don't quite amass the air time that their American counterparts do, or quite demonstrate the hype that British rockers can, here are five reasons why you should listen to Canadian music:

1. It will support the economy (then at least someone will be!!)

2. Songs don't tend to get as over played as American or British music (i.e. "You're my wonderwaaaalllll!!")

3. Canadian bands don't tend to get categorized like American bands do (i.e. the "Seattle-Grunge" scene, or the "California-Punk" scene). Some may think that the development of these "scenes" is cool, but how would you like it if you were all of a sudden assumed to have come from a certain area just because of your music?? I'm sure you're very proud of your home and would like to keep it that way!

4. The Tragically Hip!!!!

5. Hey, it's better than the Cocky-British-Bandwagon Scene. You may ask me why I call it that. I'll answer you with one word... "BLUR!!!"

Take a whiff of Sonic Unyon

by Chris Lam

Most people have probably not heard of this little indie label that is based out of Hamilton, Ontario. This is a shame as Sonic Unyon was started about three years ago by the members of Tristan Psionic (one of the bands on the label). Since then the guys at Sonic Unyon have never looked back as they have created a hugely successful label that now has a total of ten bands signed to them. They have faced their share of trials and tribulations and have endured. Legal complications have

plagued Sonic Unyon concerning some of the names of the bands; three of the bands have had to change their names due to already existing bands with the same names. The latest casualty of the name war is Shallow who are now known as Shaller. The list of bands signed to the Sonic Unyon label include treblecharger, Tristan Psionic, Smoother, Gorp Sianspheric, Shaller, Kittens, The New Grand, Poledo and Hayden. The most prominent band in the Sonic Unyon family is probably treblecharger who opted to sign with Sonic Unyon rather than going with a larger label. This is a complement to Sonic Unyon as treblecharger showed their confidence in the small label by choosing them over corporate giants like Sony. These bands are all original and are all very different from one another.

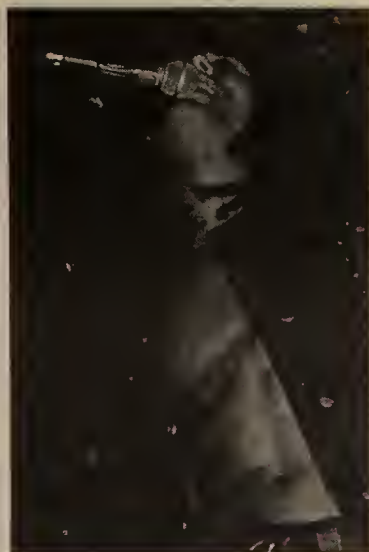
The greatest thing about Sonic Unyon is that they do not isolate themselves to only one market. The types of bands on the label range from shoe-gazing ambient music, to hard-core, to almost folk. This label has something for everyone. Many of the bands have toured with the likes of Sloan and Weezer. Lately Sonic Unyon has been expanding their empire as Sianspheric's CD "somnia" and Hayden's "Everything I Long For" have been released in the United States. Future plans for the Sonic Unyon label include new releases from Tristan Psionic and Gorp as well as a video from Sianspheric. This summer, look out for Sonic Unyon's third annual Wool-Sock festival, an all day festival showcasing Sonic Unyon bands as well as other indie acts from across Canada. If you ever have a chance to check out any of these bands or to pick up any of their stuff (recordings can be found at all record shops), I would highly recommend it; my favorites are Sianspheric, Tristan Psionic and Hayden.





Jarkko's Top Ten

1. "Hypocrite". 12". The Specials. *Kuff/Virgin*.
2. "Sparkling". 12". Area By. *On Centil Stress*.
3. "Bass is Maternal". LP. Smith & Mighty. *Mine Rockers*.
4. "Real Thing". 12". Mad Lion. *Weeded/Nervosa*.
5. "The Livin' Free EP". 12". Small World. *Hard Hand*.
6. "Now/Non-stop". 10". Bandulu. *Infonet*.
7. "Fuze 1 + 2". 12". DJ Rap. *Proper Talent*.
8. "August". 12". Ed Rush. *No U-Turn*.
9. "Bony Incus". 12" EP. Eat static. *Planet Dog*.
10. "B is for Broccoli". CD LP. Various artists. *Kudos*.



The Muzick of March: Madness for the Mind... Mmmm...

March is an incredible month for Toronto Techno-lovers. It goes in like a lion and goes out with a bang. Kickin' off this six week long extravaganza is the Switch A/V party on Saturday, March 2nd at the El Mocambo. Himadri and co. bring us Lotus, Adam Marshall, Bliss, Murat, Algorhythm & Troll for only \$10. Grab your dancin' shoes, this is absolutely guaranteed to be a slamin', intimate bash thrown by some of the nicest guys in T.O.

Thursday, March 7th holds untold delights and an unusual treat in the Canadian Music Week's Electronic Showcase, "The Future Is Underground" features amazing live acts Himadri (Switch A/V, +8 and Probe Records), Legion of Green Men (Post Contemporary and Virgin, interviewed on last month's Bridge Page), Chameloon (B.M.G. Music and Dope musik), Algorhythm and Troll, and Sunkissed (Grain Records.) The fudge, gooey icing on this particular cake is the DJ's: John Acquaviva (the master from +8), Bliss, Dominik, Murat (need I say more?), Adam Marshall (superstar extraordinaire) and Christlan Science. This funkengrooven happening is going down the Velvet Underground (510 Queen St. West) and it's super cheap, six bucks in advance and eight at the door... That line-up is worth fifteen, easy.

Saturday, March 9th is the eve of the long-awaited second Subliminal Influence Network party. Aptly dubbed "Frantic," the main room compiles a kickass collection of chaos in sound; Lotus, Sunkissed, the Acid Pimp, Eric Haupt, Murat and Jarkko. The chill-out room is an excursion in ambience; Eric Downer, Auracle, Algorhythm and Troll,

Nobody, Halcyon and d... provide more mellow ear-candy for all involved. Tickets are \$14 in advance and \$19 at the door. The info line number is (416) 760-3333. Oh, and on the same night, Goa trance-trickster Dr. Nivoc hosts a night of psychedelia, "Bom Shankar" for five dollars at The El Mocambo at Spadina and College.

On March 16th, Come Together Productions (Denver) and Fresh Produce (Los Angeles) team up with Vancouver and Toronto's Dose Productions to celebrate their two-year anniversary. This fuckin' crazy event will unite 39 DJs in four metropolises across three time-zones by means of a visual link up broadcasted live over the World Wide Web. This allows the people at the parties in T.O., Denver, Vancouver and Los Angeles to actually watch each other and interact. The U.R.L. is [HTTP://WWW.HYPERREAL.COM/J.RAVES/MTN/241.HTM](http://www.hyperreal.com/j.raves/MTN/241.HTM). The party that's transpiring in Toronto presents D.J. Dan from San Francisco's Funky Tekno Tribe, D.J. Sneak of Cajual Defiant, Chicago (orgasmically good), Hipp-E from Dose (Denver), Vitamin D - also from Denver but a representative of Futuristic Flavor, Terry Mullan (hard assed House music from Chicago's Catalyst and Definitive). Toronto resident DJ's are Mark Oliver, Dominik, John E., Mystical Influence, Danny Henry, Algorhythm, Dr. Trance and DJ Hooker.

The next weekend has a spectacular goodie in store for those of us who like their music smooth and sonorous. Thirdstar (...to the left and straight on till morning) brings us Algorhythm and Troll, Floe, Mini-Mono, Murat, Nivoc, Odyssey, Rayaz, Saturnin, S.O.S., Sugar Daddy Moth and

Tec. This is a much-anticipated party thrown by a man who knows The Shift. Show up and keep the vibe alive, it's \$9 in advance and \$15 at the door. If you want to call the Info-line, it's 481-1929.

I've saved the piece de resistance for near the end. All I can say about Transcendence's March 30th shindig is screw my two thousand word essay due two days after it. I don't care if I fail the whole course. How the hell did they manage to get all of those guys to play? Autechre live, Mark Broom, Spacetime Continuum live, Legion of Green Men live, Richie Hawtin, Mark Farina, The Stickmen, Split, Mayday, Jarkko, Algorhythm and Sunkissed live. Cripes... I'm there.

And last, but definitely not least April 6th holds the next Alien Visitation Gathering. Who knows what Justin and Zack have up their sleeve for this one but Alien is incredibly trustworthy. Great DJ's, good sound, and superior intellect make Alien parties exceptional every time. Hopefully, next month's Bridge Page will feature an interview with the masterminds themselves.

Anyways, on that happy note I'd like to remind everybody of Trip Hop Thursdays at Behind the Eight Ball at Queen and Augusta Streets. Jarkko and Sugar Daddy Moth alternate each week to supplement hosts Mark Oliver and Tyrone... This remains one of Toronto's only decent weekly events. It costs five dollars to get in and even if you don't like dancing, there's a shitload of pool tables.

May March bring you House music, peace, love and 303.

Opening a Chan of Worms

by Alexi Manis

A left-wing Jackie Chan fan club from Vancouver is issuing a report following the first week of the arrival of Chan's new film in the theatres. The group is renowned for praising the classic Chan films and is said to be "pissed" after paying \$6.50 each (fanclub discount) to see *Rumble in the Bronx*. "I haven't seen so much sentimentality since Yentl" one member said. The malheureuse response has induced a devastatingly revenge plot against Chan, led by head member, Tike Wando, revealing startling evidence of a "not so sentimental" treatment of a species of fungal worms native to the Vancouver shores where a quarter of the film was shot.

The population of worms, the *Damius Tarnopolskus*, is said to have been chopped in half due to the hovercraft that tore across the beach the worms inhabit. Fan club members are calling Chan "hypocritical", as he appears "not to give a worm's ass" about the unfortunate incident. "If he'd stuck to his normal role as a super-fighting machine, we wouldn't care either!" another member said. A Torontonian who recently moved to Vancouver to become a member of the "Chan fan" said that some of the scenes "would bring tears to Mike Harris' eyes." It seems that the overwhelming concern Chan displays for the young girl who is attacked, for the woman whose store gets obliterated, and especially for what Wando calls "the sickeningly pathetic goody" in the wheelchair is too emotional for the insensitive, blood-glorifying club. The release of this terrible news of the fate of the *Damius Tarnopolskus* is hoped to "shock Chan into seeing that he's really a block-head like us and he should stop with the sympathetic shit cause we really don't give a fuck."

The tremendous fight scenes that do occur in the film are of no importance to the group anymore. There hangs a sign around the neck of the Chan statue in the Main Square. It reads "I let sleeping worms die!" Harsh words for the rumble of a fungal.



Reconstruction of the *Mylodon darwini*

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12- we get tired. Come in, sit down, and Rock away...

Prostitution, Innis, and the Academy Awards by Saurabh Sharma

The first Academy Award for Best Actress was given in 1928 to Janet Gaynor for her performances in three films, including "Street Angel", in which she played a prostitute. Her rival for the Oscar was Gloria Swanson, who starred in "Sadie Thompson," about a woman who was, well, pretty loose in her morals.

A few years later Helen Hayes won the award for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in which she played an unwed mother who was viewed as, yes, a prostitute.

In Hollywood, nothing much has changed.

In the list of nominees announced a few weeks ago for the 68th annual Academy Award presentations, three of the actresses selected played prostitutes, two of them from Las Vegas - small world. Elisabeth Shue, as a hooker who falls for a doomed alcoholic (Nicholas Cage) in "Leaving Las Vegas", and Sharon Stone, as a high-priced call girl who marries a mobster (Robert De Niro) in "Casino," were nominated in the best actress category. Mira Sorvino, who plays a cheerful whore in Woody Allen's "Mighty Aphrodite," was nominated as a supporting actress.

"It's hooker chic," said Chris Wykes, a film critic and avid film goer who hangs out at the porter's desk at Innis College. "In some ways it's male and female fantasies coinciding. It's a male projection of the kind of women they think they'd like. And for the actress, it's a juicy role, a stretch, a chance to be bad, desirable and rebellious."

"One of the appeals, too," added Collin Blaney, an acting student also associated with Innis, "is that romantic love, except for in Jane Austen's works, seems almost out of fashion."

Chris Wykes also mentioned the effect of real-life prostitutes, namely Sydney Biddle Barrows, the Mayflower Madam, and more recently, Heidi Fleiss, who captured the public's imagination every bit as much as Julia Roberts did in "Pretty Woman." Ms. Fleiss is, in fact, the subject of a current TV documentary.

Over the years numerous actresses have found that the role of a prostitute was a ticket to stardom. Playing a prostitute in "Pretty Woman" made Julia Roberts a star. And between Helen Hayes and the current crop of nominees, Academy Awards have been presented to Donna Reed in "From Here to Eternity," Jo van Fleet in "East of Eden," Susan Hayward in "I Want to Live," Elizabeth Taylor in "Butterfield 8" and Jane Fonda in "Klute." All played hookers or, because of the Hollywood production code, loose women.

"Actually there are three kinds of classic parts for women to get nominated for: nuns, prostitutes, or deaf women," said Melanie Hill who has studied both English and Film at Innis College.

"There are books available at the Innis library that cover a vast range of film subjects, such as From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies, and a book from Jeanine Basinger of Wesleyan University Film Studies Department entitled A Woman's View: How Hollywood Spoke to Women, 1930-1960. Both are good"

"Sex for women was often a delineator of a role: either no sex or plenty of sex," Miss Hill added.

Melanie also mentioned that playing nuns was another way to get nominated. Audrey Hepburn once received a nomination for her work in "The Nun's Story," and this year Susan Sarandon is a best-actress nominee for her performance as a nun in "Dead Man Walking." Playing a woman who keeps her mouth shut also works; Oscars have previously been given to women portraying such roles as Jane Wyman for "Johnny Belinda" and Marlee Matlin for "Children of a Lesser God."

Joey Schwartz, an independent filmmaker associated with Innis College who has worked in film and television, expressed hope that more multidimensional and realistic roles would be made available to actresses.

"Unfortunately, those were the roles that were out there this year for these women," he said, adding that they "did such a phenomenal job portraying women who happened to be prostitutes, it transcended what they did for a living. It is not an easy life... the reality of which was so superbly portrayed in "Leaving Las Vegas," a film which turned on its head the notion of Hollywood glamour that is usually associated with living the good life... of belonging to a fringe group of cast-aways that is always so romanticized of the silver screen. However, the life on the skids that is portrayed in this film ("Leaving Las Vegas") is closer to the truth of what it is like for most women and men who choose that role and hit rock bottom."

Melanie Hill likewise was not really sure that the new image of prostitutes on film - the independent-minded woman who does what she does of her own free will - was necessarily a positive one.

"Either it says something about how free we are as a society," she said, "or how far we've sunk."



BROKEN ARROW

Starring John Travolta, Christian Slater

Directed by John Woo

A review by Andy Millar

John Woo, director of explosive foreign action films such as "The Killer" and "Hard Boiled", has definitely made a successful transition to Hollywood with films such as "Hard Target" (starring Jean-Claude Van Damme) and the recently released "Broken Arrow." Woo continues his legacy of non-stop action, while maintaining a good story line in this film, which stars John Travolta and Christian Slater.

"Broken Arrow" is a military term for a missing nuclear armament. This sums up the basic premise of the film. Travolta plays Vic Deakins, a psycho fighter pilot who steals the two nuclear missiles that he and co-star Christian Slater were supposed to use in a test flight. The remainder of the film deals with the pursuit of Deakins by his recently ejected co-pilot Riley Hale (Slater). Along the way, Hale garners the assistance of a beautiful young park ranger, played by Samantha Mathis. If you can overlook the cheesy developing romance between Hale and this ranger, this would be an excellent action film. It does what it is supposed to do; it keeps the viewer on the edge of their seats, trying to anticipate the next twist in the plot.

Travolta, who has starred in films like "Pulp Fiction" and "Saturday Night Fever" does an admirable job of playing his first role as a truly villainous character with Deakins. However, there was just a tiny bit of over-exposure of Deakins' psycho ideosyncracies in the trailers on TV. Slater, always a big favourite on the big screen, does not fail to please in his first action film. "I've been training all my life for a part like this," says Slater.

Broken Arrow is a great action film, but isn't it unfortunate that nearly every American made film requires a romantic side-plot?



Top Video Rental of the Week - Waterworld by Craig Clements

When I went to the video store to rent a movie last week, there was nothing there that I really wanted to see. I came across "Waterworld", starring Kevin Costner but was reluctant to rent it. After all, it received bad reviews when it was in theatres last summer. The criticism was that the movie wasn't worth the cost it took to produce it. "Waterworld" was the most expensive film ever made. An island of steel was actually constructed off the coast of Hawaii.

The rise of Waterworld took place when the polar ice caps melted and covered the Earth's surface. Only a few survived and adapted to life without land. Kevin Costner played a loner; a nomad so to speak. He lived on a giant sail boat which he constructed out of metal and steel. Costner's character was so well adapted to the water he had developed gills behind his ears. Costner came across this giant steel island in the middle of nowhere. He entered to trade some goods only to be held captive by the citizens of the island. However, there was a large gang of bad guys (led by actor Dennis Hopper) who invaded the island and basically destroyed everything in their path. During the struggle, Costner escaped to his boat and rescued a woman and a small girl from the terrorists. Costner and his new found company fled the scene out to sea. It seemed as though the purpose of the terrorist attack was to locate and capture a small girl who allegedly had a tattoo on her back. The tattoo was supposedly a map that would direct them to dry land. Finding dry land was everyone's purpose throughout their lives. Eventually the terrorists attacked Costner's ship and stole the small girl. They destroyed his boat and took off to their own boat with the girl and the map. Seeking revenge, Costner set out to retrieve the girl and destroy Hopper's reign. Costner arrives at Hopper's massive ship and confronts him. This part is really cool. It's my favourite part in the movie. This is basically the end of the movie so I won't give it away. It is a really good ending.

I really enjoyed this movie. My expectations were not high at all when I rented it but I was pleasantly surprised. I really got into this movie. I think it is a great rental and should definitely be seen.

short but slightly on the fat side

by Christine Battiston

"If it doesn't get too weird?" What does weird mean? Music = drums, guitar, bass + vocals. I think that's been done. Yeah, some things can be done over + over + over + over again and still sound delicious, but don't get stuck. Stuck. Intro, meant, conclusion. Sure, write anything. Anything you want, but confine it to that structure. Structure. Sure, write anything you want. Ideas. Write in any form. Free-form poetry. But use the alphabet. Spell correctly. Structure. Can't seem to shake it. Do I want you to understand me? Structure. Do I need you?

Writing. Hi, over here. I'm a writer. Read me. Let me penetrate you w/ my thoughts. Why do you allow me this privilege? I've just become a part of your existence and you don't even know who the hell I am. D'you like it? Hmm. Oh? C'mon, answer me sweet Thing. No you don't have to. Ya I know you know. Stuck. I am stuck on sitting w/ my legs crossed even though my leg hurts. Move. Why not? Weird stuff, why not? It is a different sensation to not wear a tight choker of Not Too hard Not too soft. Shit, maybe. But not stuck. You can never put yer foot, or tongue, in the same river twice. Yup. Just keep on movin' Pops. Just keep on movin'. It's almost terrifying to see a frozen river. Almost.

Do I?

(for Meagan)

A flash of a smile,
A blue or green shirt.
Stupid stupid big pants,
and a cigarette.
I know you well.
I know the white mice,
that crawl throughout your room.
I know of Kelp and Seaweed,
and Eden and Jon.
I know you well.
I know the Jurassic Park cups,
and the evenings when you drink.
I know the men in and out of your life,
I know sugar cookies.
I know you well.
You tell me strange nonsense,
like "Noraasidog"
You tell me I have lice.
I understand
I know you well.
I know your bad times,
of waiting by the phone,
And when it rings,
it's the wrong person.
I know you well.
So you can keep your purple hair,
You can wear the same shirt for 24
days.
Because it is all familiar to me.
Because I know you well.
But then again, maybe I don't.

- Marijke de Looze

Diary Entry 3000

Dear Diary, Today I slept
yesterday I wept
But I'm going down now
and I really don't know how

Did you hear the kissing noises,
in the Hall when it was dark?
did you feel the final choices,
Living in the Park?

She was waiting, just for me
on her mind
I was
And like nothing I loved
to shine

She is thinking of me
I could feel her in the air
She always likes to fuck
But she never likes to stare.

When the Magic happens
I begin to lose control
I can't defend my happiness
In the grunts and moans I fold

She spends me Monday morning
I wish that I could laugh
But this freedom greets me slowly
And this Pad doesn't have
A Bath ———

The Beautiful Poem

I go to bed in Los Angeles thinking
about you.

Pissing a few moments ago I looked at my penis
affectionately.

Knowing it has been inside
you twice today makes me
feel beautiful.

3 A.M.
January 15, 1967

- Richard Brautigan

"Ha Ha" Very Amusing

Inside the rattling of your cage
I smell the danger you paint with Rage
so everlasting
like walking on broken snow
So manifesting
As well as the diamonds within your row

The Passion you enterprise
is Full of Grace
I begin to smell God
and all of those things
we seem to deem
Funny

Raise an Eyebrow to
Dismiss a Conversation, as you
kill an Intellectual
you can spawn your tongue
only left to Feel
only left to Feel

The absolute stunningness
of Nothingness
Becomes your lonely Friend
you sacrifice yourself
like silver on a sword
Rightfully so
In all your comforts
you became a stranger

- Santino Degasparis

Untitled

He shakes the snow from his boots,
puffs on his cigarette.
His big jacket drowns him,
invades me.
His hair is pulled back in a ponytail,
his yes have just the right look.
He strikes a pose,
a look of sullen delinquency.
But I know him. I sculpt him in my mind.
My fingers caress his face,
defining each ridge, each mark.
The little teeth and big gums,
were set by my own hands/
I created him,
and yet he is new to me.
He's created me,
and yet I knew him first.
The paradox
of God and man.
But I do not concern myself
with philosophy
The smoke drifts past his face.
I wrap my scarf more tightly around me.
I walk the other way.

- Marijke de Looze



Editor's Note: All of us aspiring poets had to begin somewhere. The following poem is a reminder of how far we've come. Or have we? Decide for yourself....

Spring in the Countryside

The sun shines down on a muddy field
Yet the cows plod on through, they do not yield.
The animals are free to once more roam,
They are glad to be freed from their winter home.
The birds sing their melody oh so sweet,
With a twit and a twit and a tweet tweet tweet.

The sky is the bluest that I have seen,
The grass is the freshest of all green,
the animals give birth to teeny weenie babies.
And we give them shots, for we don't want rabies.
Spring is the sign for all new life.
To get this you need a husband and wife.

- Antonia Yee 1985
(grade 4)

LITERARY QUOTES OF THE MONTH

"Writing and travel broaden your ass, if not your mind and I like to write standing up."

Ernest Hemingway in "Selected Letters"

"Give a critic an inch, he'll write a play."

John Steinbeck in *Writers at Work*, "On Critics"

Innis Meanderings ... Innis Meanderings ... Innis Meanderings ...

The World of Chess - Kasparov vs. Deep Blue

by Chris Ho

A piece of chess history happened during the week of February 10-17 at Philadelphia's Convention Center; a tournament of classical chess was played, man against machine. Garry Kasparov, the reigning World Chess Champion played against Deep Blue, a computer designed specifically for chess by ACM (the Association of Computing Machinery - owned by IBM). Although computers have played against grand masters before, this is the first regulation six-game tournament involving a computer. This computer is significantly more advanced than its predecessors, being able to compute 200 million moves in one second. In general, computers have the advantage of not being able to feel the pressure of the game and it can tirelessly compute its moves. This tournament was hyped up to see if mechanical algorithms can beat the human intellect in a game that involves, not only a great deal of intellect, but also an instinct for the game. The winner of this tournament walked away with \$400,000 while the loser won \$100,000.

During the first game, Kasparov played in his usual aggressive style and for most of the match was slightly in the lead. On the computer's twenty-eighth move, the computer captured a key pawn that changed the momentum of the game in its favour. During this first game, Kasparov lost quickly to the computer, stunning not only his fellow grand masters but



also the technicians working with the computer.

On Sunday, Game 2 commenced with a more cautious Kasparov. He realised from his experience during the previous game that Deep Blue can be beaten if you play defensively. He says that "If you threaten, the machine will counteract but if there is no threat, the machine will go about its business and eventually give you an opportunity." On move 11 Kasparov captured a pawn but exposed his queen, a highly unorthodox gambit. This gambit worked out well and it caused the computer to weaken its defences. Five hours and forty-five minutes into the game, Kasparov won and tied the tournament one to one. The next two games on Tuesday and Wednesday were both draws. On the Friday game, Kasparov offered a draw but the ACM decided to continue (ACM says that the computer accepted the draw but they decided to continue to see how the computer would react). Shortly after the refusal, Kasparov gained ground on the computer and within ten moves Deep Blue was in serious trouble. Kasparov won the game and assured himself of at least a tie or a win in the tournament.

On Saturday, the last game played, Kasparov was on the offensive from the beginning. He eventually positioned one pawn that trapped a rook and a bishop into a corner. Deep Blue's queen was situated so that it did not have much mobility, the other rook was little better off than its queen, and the king was protected by scattered pawns. This effectively sealed the game as Kasparov finished the *coup de grace* on his forty-third move and won the tournament with a final score of four to two.

March Horoscopes

Pisces February 19 - March 20

Eat the crumbs from the knee, not the croissant from the hand. Such is life, whatever that means.

Aries March 21 - April 19

I think you'll agree with me when I say there is something enigmatic about bees and honey. A nub of the legs, a shimmy of the bootie, and suddenly the whole pack is off after some delicious babe of a flower. And out of that ecstasy comes the sugary fluid which was buried with the pharaohs in sacred piety, and stirred into tea by English people.

Taurus April 20 - May 20

You are stuck in a rut, living in a hammock of luxury. But beware! I offer you this story in explanation. A man dozes in his store's hammock while \$300 worth of merchandise is stolen.

Gemini May 21 - June 21

Someone criticized Le Corbusier for using concrete as the building material for the Unité d'Habitation, as they felt concrete looked dreary. "That's a lie" roared the Frenchman, "concrete has value only in relation to their surroundings, it is impossible for the building to look dreary!"

Try telling that to a Gemini whose life depends on the balance of tensions. Who could blame you for daydreaming concrete pillars into women's thighs?

Cancer June 22 - July 22

Grrrr.

That was your stomach. There is the refrigerator.

What a coincidence.

Now is not the time for dramatic soliloquies or garbled (perverted?) poetry, now is the time to act, to feed your hunger rather than emote about it. Lascivious treats (tarts?) are looming in the distance - everything you have said you wanted (thunder thighs?) The question is, should you believe me?

Leo July 23 - August 22

There is nothing like being under close scrutiny to make life as boring as a flat diet coke. Therefore this would be a good month to sequester yourself from the masses of voyeurs who have taken a fancy to the activity behind your windows. Even the exhibitionist that you are doesn't relish the idea of being spied on by an elderly neighbor.

Virgo August 23 - September 22

"To attack the sun, to expunge it from the universe, or to use it to set the world ablaze - these would be crimes indeed!" -Marquis de Sade

Under normal circumstances arson would be easy for your capable hands, but these are strange days indeed. You are but a jaundiced imitation of the smoldering fancy-pants you use to be. To combat the lethargy of your days, I would recommend coating yourself in orange, the color of those gloriously fruity globes so reminiscent of our celestial soul sister (and sinful accomplice of de Sade.)

Libra September 23 - October 23

Those damn laws of grammar, tying you down to possessives and conjunctives when you would rather be splitting the infinitives. In other words, life has you down on all fours, captive to it's many whims. This month love will launch a counter attack, carrying you away from life in it's feathery jaws.

Scorpio October 24 - November 21

I, with all my faulty sockets and splatterings of oil, submit to domestic bliss only when serviced by the plumber (or the electrician, or the decorator, or the neighbour's wife...) [enough lubrications, Scorpio -verbosely ed.]

Sagittarius November 22 - December 21

If you are on the subway and recognize a man you saw in a plant store you were at the day before, be sure to ask his girlfriend if she liked the cacti. With this practical application of deductive observation, you can call yourself a prophet.

Capricorn December 22 - January 19

What would the world be like if you turned into a nineteenth century fop? Just dandy. But this is the twentieth century and it looks like you're more than a bit overdressed.

Aquarius January 20 - February 18

A conversation:

Ho: "Let me tell you about my world, exotic breezes excite the wildlife."

So: "This morning I woke up and said to myself, this was the weather I had imagined for today"

Moe: sniff. "Oh, there you are. I recognized your scent from the men's room."

Allumage a trois, (come on babies light my fire.)

Scent of Light

by James Depew

The last princes of the line of Ix, stand at the edge of time. Each has travelled far, and endured much in their journey hence. Ilan, of the mentalist clan found himself here after many cons of meditation and mental kinesthetics. Sila, now no longer humanoid, is of the calm Ril. The clan of Ril have all managed

to download their minds into machines that closely resemble floating ords. Each has finally reached the edge of time and walked far the unexpected.

Can we have travelled so far for this? I am so tired.

We are alone.

we are free...

